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AT THE JUDGMENT DAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

He came in the twilight and knelt by her side And, "Give me some token of love," he cried. "Dear heart," said she, and the eyes on his own Saw the things of God, and the Great White Thron "I will give you a kiss to keep for aye.
"No! keep it," cried she, "till the Judgment Day "And then, when we meet at the Bar of God, And they read us the records of journeys trod 'Oh, darling '-his eyes with tears were wet-Give it back to me! I shall not forget. "But remember, always, that this cannot be-You cannot give back the kiss to me— "Unless the record the angel reads Is more of good than of evil deeds. "If your earthly record is dark with sin, And mine, though unworthy, lets me in "To the peace of God, we must dwell apart, And I must forever bear in my heart

Whom Will She Marry? BETH FOSS.

"Darling," said he, "I will take the kiss To keep while the time of our waiting is,

"And I'll give it back at the Judgment Bar. She kissed him, and died like a fading star.

And that he may give it back again, He is making his record grand among men.

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER, AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

> CHAPTER I. FORBIDDEN SWEETS.

"It is the hour when lovers' vows Seem sweet in every whisper d word."

The summer-morning sun shone brightly upon the rows of maples that bordered the broad principal street of a beautiful New England village; and despite the thickness of the leafy arch through which its wandering arrows pierced, a goodly number of them fell straight into the flushed faces of Bethel Foss and Harry Sewall. The one known, near and far, through the farmlands of Greenwilde, among whose inhabitants she had spent most of the seventeen years of her life, as "the parson's daughter"; the other a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with cold, angry blue eyes—the only son and eldest child of one of the wealthiest men in the township.

In a tacit way these two regarded each other as lovers, and were so looked upon by the villagers; but, certainly, there was little to indi-

as lovers, and were so looked upon by the villagers; but, certainly, there was little to indicate such a relationship now, in Bethel's flashing, rebellious eyes, and hotly-colored cheeks, or Harry Sewall's proud set lips and scornful face. The cause of their dissension had just swept past them in a light carriage, drawn by a handsome team of bay horses—a swarthy, stylish man, who had bestowed upon Miss Foss, as he passed, a bow, and a bold, admiring glance.

"Do you know that fellow?" Harry had de-

manded, imperatively.

Instantly, all the antagonism of Beth's nature to criticism and dictation asserted itself, and

her retort was quick and cutting:
"College does not seem to be improving to
one's manners. I presume you mean, do'l know
that gentleman, since I am not in the habit of choosing fellows for my acquaintances."
"I mean what I said, Miss Bethel. Rial Andral is not a gentleman; and not a fit acquaintance for you."
"Indeed?" with supreme sarcasm. "I was

ance for you."
"Indeed?" with supreme sarcasm. "I was not aware, Mr. Sewall, that you had the slightest right to act as my mentor and guardian; but since you seem to be laboring under such a delusion, allow me to save you from repeating the

impertinence by assuring you that I am quite capable of taking care of myself." capable of taking care of myself."

Harry's blue eyes grew more steely in their anger, and his lips more proud and cold under his fair mustache, but he chose to make no direct reply to Beth's passionate irony.

"May I ask if Mr. and Mrs. Foss approve of

this new friend of yours?"

This was a thrust under which Beth's conscience stirred uneasily. Her careful father and mother did not approve of her acquaintance with Mr. Andral. They had forbidden their daughter to drive with him, or to receive his visits, and never suspected that their very opposition had only increased the wayward counter with interested the same than the content of th try girl's infatuation for the wealthy city

stranger.

But Beth was in no mood to confess her delinquencies; especially to Harry Sewall, whose devotion to herself she felt that she had wronged by her summer's flirtation with Rial Andral. Beth's very consciousness that she was not quite in the right, had the effect that the feeling of guilt toward a friend generally has; it made her speech more hitter.

guilt toward a friend generally has; it made her speech more bitter.

"If you consider that your affair, perhaps you had better ask them the question personally the very first time you have the opportunity. Good-morning, Mr. Sewall," and with a cold bow of dismissal, Bethel turned into the narrow country road that led to the parsonage, leaving her companion to retrace his steps homeward in anything but an enviable frame of mind.

In actual words, Harry Sewall had never made love to Bethel Foss; but, from his boyhood, he had cherished a fervent passion for the wild, wayward, fascinating parson's daughter; and now that he had come home honorably through with college, finished by a trip abroad, and prepared to tell Beth of his love and gain her promise to become his wife, it was rather hard that, at their second interview, she should hard that, at their second interview, she should have quarreled with him, defiantly, in behalf of the gay New Yorker he had found established in Greenwilde; and who, he had already ascertained, was anything but a desirable associate for a pure, innocently-brought up girl like



"I am listening, mamma," answered Bethel, raising her blanched, tear-stained face."

mer, at the Mansion House, a large hotel, a mile or two from Greenwilde village; and there, too, had boarded the De Veans, relatives of the wealthy Thornes, who had their summer residence in Greenwilde, and attended the Reverend Daniel Foss's church. Through Flavia Thorne, who had been her chum for several seasons, and Flavia's course in Lecentia Da Verney and Flavia's cousin, Jacqueline De Vean, Bethel Foss had met the dark-eyed Andral; and the wild spirits, the lack of conventionality, the sparkling intelligence, and the fascinating ways of this country parson's daughter, who had gathered her only knowledge of the great world outside her New England home from books, and from Flavia, charmed the blase Rial into an ardent flirtation that would have been cruel, indeed, toward most girls of Beth Foss's position. But, while Beth fostered a delicious sentimentalism for this handsome man who was eight or nine years her senior, and so stylish and so abundantly able to lavish upon her the many gifts of fruit and flowers, and confections dear to every girlish heart, and confections, dear to every girlish heart, and was further piqued into winning and receiving his attentions by her rebellion against any opposition, and the unconcealed jealousy of the stylish and handsome Miss De Vean, no germs of deep affection—if any were hidden in her soul—developed under his wooing into conscious life; and she was really heart, whole despite the developed. he was, really, heart-whole despite the devo ion of the gay man who had made love to her

to while away a summer month.

Still it was of Andral, rather than of the fair, haughty, blue eyed lover with whom she had just quarreled, that she mused, as she walked on Just quarreled, that she mused, as she walked on toward the parsonage, when the soft tread of horses' hoofs along the road caught her attention, and the object of her thoughts reined in his team at her side. The young lady looked up with coquettish glance and smile; but the face above her was dark and frowning.

"Miss Foss, pardon me—I have come to ask you a peculiar question. Is it true that you are engaged to that Sewall, with whom I met you walking?"

"Why? Who says I am engaged to him?"

'Why? Who says I am engaged to him?' cried Beth, startled.
"Miss De Vean and your friend, Flavia."

"Miss De Vean and your friend, Flavia."
"Then they had better confine themselves, in future, to narrating facts that they know. I am not engaged to Harry Sewall!" and Bethel reared her head defiantly.

A smile glimmered, momently, under the gentleman's dark mustache. Then he bent low from his carriage and said, very tenderly:

"You cannot guess how glad I am to hear that Beth."

that, Beth."

"Really, Mr. Andral, I confess I cannot see why you should be glad," said Beth, favoring him with a swift, upward, coquettish glance.

"Then you have thought me trifling all these delicious weeks?" he asked, as meaningly as if, from the first, he had really been desperately in earnest in his love-making. "Do you judge me from your own stand-point, Bethel?"

The parson's daughter laughed—a gay, rippling little laugh.

"I have thought nothing, except that we have had a pleasant summer—a summer that I would

had a pleasant summer—a summer that I would like never to end."
"Why should it?" asked Rial, his dark, bold

If she went that night she must go clande tinely, as he had intimated, she knew well. Bu there was a spice of adventure and daring about stealing off to a moonlight ride with a rich, handsome, forbidden lover that appealed strong-

handsome, forbidden lover that appealed strongly to Beth's reckless, excitement-loving nature; and she resolved that Rial should not wait in vain for her to keep the appointment.

It was wrong—just a little wrong—she admitted, for her to go for a drive with this stranger whom her grave father and gentle mother had condemned. But, then, what right had they to condemn him without knowing him? He certainly was more of a gentleman than any Greenwilde young man, except Harry Sewall; and Beth could not see that there was anything very dreadful about his playing billiards and driving fast horses. At all events, this would be the last time she could see him, perhaps, for a long time; perhaps forever; and she would go!

When Bethel Foss made a resolve she was not easily induced to retract it; and having de-

asily induced to retract it; and having de clared—though only to herself—that she would go for a drive with Rial Andral that night, no thing was likely to turn her from her purpose and the anticipation of the stolen act of pleasure and daring sent her mercurial temperament to a high degree of gay excitement. Still she felt a trifle remorseful, as she went to and fro, during the day, about her mother's sickroom. For there was illness at the parsonage. For several weeks Beth's gentle mother, the idol of Mr. Foss's congregation, had been suffering from a low, nervous fever from which it was hoped she would rally as the autumn, and

ing from a low, nervous fever from which it was hoped she would rally as the autumn, and clearer, cooler weather, advanced.

Mrs. Foss noticed the excited tinge in Beth's cheeks, and the bright light in her eyes.

"It is because Harry Sewall is at home," thought the invalid. "Beth has seen him today. The dear child loves him, and he is certainly worthy of her. Their youthful attachment is sure to end in that way; and perhaps it is well that Beth should marry ycung, for she has inherited dangerous elements of character. God grant that her father and I may be spared a little longer to watch over her!"

Thus prayed the mother, little dreaming that, already, by the Higher Will, it had been decreed that Beth should work out the good or evil of her life with only the guardians of Conscience and womanly purity, which her early training had fostered, to help her keep to the right in the perilous career that lay before her. The flying through the moonlight, that evening, behind Rial's swift horses, with Rial by her side talking sentiment, was delicious, and the parson's daughter vividly enjoyed the perfect night, the ride, and the being ardently wooed by her handsome escort. Alternately she encouraged and laughed at Mr. Andral's avowals, until he startled her with a demand that their summer's flirtation end in a way of which Beth in her play at love-making had scarcely dreamed. And the more Beth laughed that their summer's flirtation end in a way of which Beth in her play at love-making had scarcely dreamed. And the more Beth laughed and coquetted the more in earnest Rial became. He had not been used to throwing away his devotion upon women, as he had upon this country parson's daughter, only to find that neither heart, fancy, nor ambition had been touched; and he was in no mood to be carelessly rejected by a girl he had really come to love—for Bethel had truly fascinated him; and so he sought to win the prize he crayed with the passionets or win the prize he craved with the passionate ar

"Ah, well!" said Rial, with a slight frowning contraction of his brows; "then the end of our acquaintance is very near. I go away, probably, to-morrow; will you grant me one favor before we bid each other good-by?"

"What?" queried Miss Foss, simply.

"I want you to take a ride with me, to-night. You need not say that you cannot! You must! It is a pleasure you have denied me long enough. I shall drive up and down here, slowly, about eight o'clock, until you come. I will not keep you out late, so do not disappoint me, little one," and with a half-commanding, half-entreating glance Rial gave the whip to his horses and left Beth to wonder whether she had better grant the favor which he had demanded rather than asked.

dor, the fervent pleas, and the exaggerated emotion, which, as a thoroughbred, blase worldling, were so well at his command.

And Bethel?—romantic, fond of excitement, with a singularly susceptible, impressible nature, that as yet had not learned to know its own wants, she listened more and more favor-ably to the suit of her ardent lover. He was rich, and of attractive age; and the exaggerated emotion, which, as a thoroughbred, blase worldling, were so well at his command.

And Bethel?—romantic, fond of excitement, with a singularly susceptible, impressible nature, that as yet had not learned to know its own wants, she listened more and more favor-ably to the suit of her ardent lover. He was rich, and of attractive age; and the silent moon-lighted in the suit of her ardent lover. He was rich, and of attractive age; and the remainded end of a tractive age; and the remainded end of a tractive age; and the sequence of the suit of her ardent lover. He was rich, and of attractive age; and the silent moon-lighted may be a suit of her ardent lover. He was rich, and of attractive age; and the remainded end of a tractive age; and the remainded end of a tractive age; and the silent moon-lighted might of a tractive age; and the remainded end of a tractive age; and the remainded end of a tractive age; and the si

ntutored heart, who has yielded her freedom o magnetic influence and the hot excitement of outh, instead of love.

youth, instead of love.

"Good-night, and good-by, my pet," Rial whispered, when he kissed her lips as he parted with her near the parsonage. "You will see me, or hear from me, soon. And remember, Beth—remember your vow!"

"I shall remember!" said Beth.
Ah, yes! The parson's daughter would long remember the galling fetter that, in her thoughtlessness, and innocence, and youth, she had so rashly assumed!

CHAPTER II. ANGEL OR EVIL SPIRIT?

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd.

By foreign hands thy decent hmos composed.

"Am I dying, Cecile?"
A pair of handsome, magnetic gray eyes looked down into the questioner's fading ones.

"I think you are. The doctor said you could not live through the day. Is there anything you want? Anything I can do for you?"

"No! No!" the old man murmured, feebly; and the lids drooped over the dull blue eyes in which the life-light was failing so swiftly now, moment by moment.

moment by moment.

There was silence in the sick-room again; silence save for the labored breaths of the dying man, the soft respirations of the fair, watchful woman who sat at his side, and the few slumberous noises that stole softly in at the opened but darkered windows from the almost described. but darkened windows from the almost deserted streets of the little foreign town. Click, click, click, upon the pave, sounded the wooden sabots click, upon the pave, sounded the wooden sabots of some person passing in haste; presently there floated upward the words of a short altercation, in loud, angry-sounding, Gallic voices; then fell the noonday stillness once more, and those observant gray eyes, that never left the sick man's face, watching intently the pallid shadows gathering there, the tremulousness about the thin lips, and the slight nervous fluttering of the wrinkled eyelids, saw two tears creeping down the sunken cheeks.

the sunken cheeks.

Cecile raised her cool, dainty cambric hand-kerchief, perfumed with a sweet, subtle essence always grateful to the old man's senses, and gently wiped away these evidences of sorrow, and age, and weakness. At the soft touch her patient's eyes opened.

"You are very good to me Cecile. But " he

"You are very good to me, Cecile. But," he added, after a moment's pause, "it is hard to die here in a foreign land. I almost wish I had

gone home."

"But America—New York—even your sunny South, or your golden West, would scarcely have seemed like home to you, after living abroad all these years."

"True, true! I have no home! It is better to die here with you, Cecile. And when I am dead, you will be well provided for."

Cecile made no other reply than to bend her head, and press her lips to the sick man's brow.

"I have been a hard man, Cecile; bitter and unforgiving! But ah! you can never know what it is to have but one object in life, and to see that drift away, leaving one's hopes strandsee that drift away, leaving one's hopes stranded and barren, and one's soul filled with the bitterness and demonism of devils! But it does no good to fight fate. I see it all now; and God grant that the day of atonement is not past; that, even at the last, I may prove my love and 'Do kindly.

forgiveness.—Some water, Cecile, or some wine! I am so faint. This must indeed be dying! Call Pierre, and the doctor, quickly!"

"The doctor was sent for to attend a little child who has been hurt. He promised to return quickly, but I will send for him."

"Yes, yes!"—feverishly, gaspingly—"and fetch Pierre!"

The woman passed from the room. Perhaps she was gone only seconds, perhaps minutes, but they seemed hours to the man upon the bed, whose life was now ebbing so swiftly away; and when she returned, her quick eyes noted how great, already, was the change upon her patient's face.

"I told Pierre to remain within call; but he

now great, already, was the change upon her patient's face.

"I told Pierre to remain within call; but he has stepped out for a moment. I have sent one of the servants for him."

"Oh! for the doctor and Pierre! If they should be too late!" groaned the dying man, his face white and set with sudden fear.

Cecile looked at the wine upon the little table; she even reached out one of her fair, slender hands and touched the glass. Then, with a quick, determined motion, she withdrew it and laid her cool white fingers, instead, upon the sufferer's damp forehead, asking, softly:

"Have you any commands to give? Cannot I fulfill them for you?"

The dimming eyes looked searchingly into

The dimming eyes looked searchingly into the unflinching calm ones that met their gaze, then the man said, feebly:

"Bring me my watch-chain and my desk."
The lady obeyed him; and selecting a key and a seal from the bunch of charms, her patient continued:

"You will have to settle our affairs here Continued:

You will have to settle our affairs here, Ce-

tient continued:

"You will have to settle our affairs here, Cecile; and when that is done, I want you to seal up my desk, with all its papers, and send it, through my banker in Paris, or carry it yourself, to my lawyers in New York. Kneel down here, quickly, and put your hand upon my heart, and swear to me, as you hope for mercy when you come to die, that you will be true to this trust. Swear it, Cecile!"

"I swear to be true to your trust!" enunciated Cecile, slowly and solemnly, her fair hand upon the dying man's heart; and the glazing eyes closed again. She did not stir from her kneeling position, but put her arms about the old man's neck, and so mournfully awaited the rapidly-advancing doom of the death-angel. Presently there sounded upon the door a light tap, and Pierre, the valet, entered the room. The man advanced softly to the bedside of his master, who lay motionless and seemingly unconscious. Once only again did the dull eyes open. They rested upon the servant's face, and their owner attempted vainly to speak. A troubled, convulsed look passed over his features; then his dim gaze fell upon the slender kneeling figure and gathered a peaceful assurance and content, and his lids drooped.

The two other persons in the room kept their positions, motionless and speechless—the one thinking, somewhat regretfully, of the lucrative position lost, the other recalling an oath lately taken and that last look of content which had fallen upon herself—until the door opened, admitting the physician.

"I was gone longer than I expected, madame, How is the patient now? Ah! Ah! What

"I was gone longer than I expected, madame, How is the patient now? Ah! Ah! What does this mean?" advancing to the bedside.

"Has it come so soon?"
"Is he dead?" asked Cecile, quietly.
"Yes, madame."

"Is he dead?" asked Cecile, quietly.

"Yes, madame."

Pierre passed to the window. The woman kissed the dead face, and arose, and stood by the doctor's side, calmly making arrangements with him concerning the funeral, of which she desired him to take the entire charge. When present necessities had been agreed upon, she bade adieu to the physician, and dismissed the valet with the request that he would attend to any directions given him by the doctor, and hold himself in readiness to be summoned to a conference with herself, toward evening.

Then Cecile carried the key, and the seal, and the desk, left in her charge, from the darkened room into the bright parlor adjoining, out of which her own apartments opened. She called a servant, and ordered a small bottle of wine, and some biscuits and cheese brought her, and placing the desk upon the table where her light luncheon was spread, admitted a little more of the noonday sunlight and the breezes that wandered lazily through the quaint streets of the Swiss town, and set herself down to examine the papers she had sworn to deliver, under the dead may's seal to his lawers.

Swiss town, and set herself down to examine the papers she had sworn to deliver, under the dead man's seal, to his lawyers.

The reading, with careful scrutiny, of all the papers within the desk, and examining a checkbook, and counting the ready cash, and looking over the accounts, of which she had entire supervision, occupied some hours. At the end of this time Cecile locked the desk, pocketed the key, donned a street costume, and went out for a brisk walk, a luxury which she had denied herself for several days

for a brisk walk, a luxury which she had denied herself for several days.

As she passed through the town, advancing toward the suburbs, she walked with the air of one wrapped in concentrated thought, scarcely heeding whither her steps led, until she came to a pleasant little triangle of grass and shade trees, where there were a few wooden benches upon which sat women working and watching the children who played about the turf. Upon one of these settees, industriously knitting, sat a young girl, whose face suddenly attracted Cecile's attention, and seemed to suggest to her a new train of thought and line of action. She walked quickly to the bench, and seated herself, with a pleasant but somewhat broken greetwith a pleasant but somewhat broken greet-ing to the maiden, in the language of her

The Swiss girl looked up, answering shyly, and blushing rosily, at sight of the elegant foreign lady.

"This is a pretty spot. I suppose you sit here in the moonlight and wait for Pierre?" said Cecile, with a little musical laugh.

The girl grew more confused than ever, and made no denial of her companion's imputation.

Do you know," madame went on, "that Pierre's master is dead? He died at noon, to-day; and now, shortly after the funeral, which will be in a day or two, our household will be

broken up. Shall you be sorry to have Pierre go away?"

All the color died out of the girl's round, blooming cheeks, and she cried, pitifully:

"Oh! madame, he will not go away! You have other servants, you will not need him!"

"Do you love him, my girl?" asked Cecile,

drooping of the head.
"And he loves you?"
"He has said so, madame."

"He has said so, madame."
"Well, then, we must see what we can do to let you be together," the lady rejoined, generously. "I will see you again, soon; but, perhaps, before that, Pierre will have some good

naps, before that, frere win have some good news for you. Good-day, Antoinette."

It was nearly sunset when Cecile returned from her airing. She went straight to the par-lor, threw off her wraps, and took from the desk, which she had searched earlier in the day, certain papers which she read again, with a look upon her face of deliberation and resolve. Lastly, she carried a miniature to the mirror, and critically compared the picture with her re-flection them.

and critically compared the picture with her reflection there.

"I have not changed much in all these years," she laughed, lightly, snapping down the case and replacing the miniature in the desk.

Then she paced the room, her hands clasped behind her, her face inscrutable, calling all the years of her life—her varied, changeful life—in review before her. Cecile had been dreaming a years strange dream that, at last, was begin-

review before her. Cecile had been dreaming a vague, strange dream that, at last, was beginning to take shape and reality.

"Perhaps, never woman chose a stranger course than have I!" she exclaimed, stopping again before the desk intrusted to her care and bending over it. Then, suddenly and defiantly throwing up her graceful head; "but wild, strange, dangerous as it is, I will follow it to the end!"

A tap sounded upon the door between the parlor and the darkened room where the dead man lay. Cecile started slightly, and opened to

the person without. It was Pierre.

"I beg your pardon, madame, but I had an errand here, and I thought I would venture to ask madame if she would not be down to dinner.

ask matame if she would not be down to difficult.

It has been waiting some time."

"Has it, indeed?" said Cecile, casting a glance at the little Swiss clock. "I had not noticed at the little Swiss clock. "I had not noticed
the hour. Why did they not send for me?"
"We thought you might be resting, madame,
and feared to disturb you; but when I heard
you walking about I ventured to speak."
"Very well; thank you, Pierre. When I return, and ring, I wish you to wait upon me

here."
"Certainly, madame."
The valet bowed, deferentially, and Cecile passed down to her dinner, which she ate with

'Pierre, summoned the Frenchman to an interview, "your master's funeral will take place the day after to-morrow. He is to be buried here, in the English cemetery. After that I shall pay his bills, dismiss the other servants, and close up this establishment. What shall you do,

"I have hardly decided, madame," the man

"I nave narrly decided, madame," the man answered, hesitatingly.
"Of course you know that your master made a will in which he left you a bequest?"
"Yes, madame; it was made in Paris."
"Did you know the rest of its contents?"

"It was read in my presence, madame," watching, furtively, the face of his questioner. A calm, commanding, unimpassioned gaze met his, and Cecile demanded, coolly:

"Mention the most important items. I wish to see if you remember them perfectly.

"Quite right," nodded Cecile, when the man had stated the purport of the document in question. Then she was silent and thoughtful a moment. Should she tell Pierre that, as far as she could discover this will was no legency in exshe could discover, this will was no longer in existence; and he entitled only to what she chose to bestow? No:—first—"You know that bequest could be forwarded you here, if there is

any reason why you wish to stay."

Pierre vouchsafed the lady a quick glance.
"You refer to Antoinette, madame?" "Yes. I have seen you with her often. I thought perhaps you wished to marry her and settle in the town."

'I like Antoinette, but as for settling herethe Frenchman ended his sentence with an ex-You don't care to do that? Perhaps you

think your master's bequest insufficient to marry upon? I suppose madame knows that it is five thou-

sand francs."
"Not a very large sum, I admit. Suppose I
"Not a very large sum, if you will remain in my ser-

"Not a very large sum, I admit. Suppose I should offer you, if you will remain in my service, five thousand francs a year, and to double this bequest at its payment, and to employ Antoinette as my maid, if you choose to marry her, and take her with us."

The man regarded Cecile with a keen inquiry, under which she smiled, slightly.

"Madame intends to return to America?" he acked with certain suppressed meaning.

ked, with certain suppressed meaning "Yes," said Cecile: and she went closer to him and quietly detailed her plans. That night, under the moonlight, in the little

park at the border of the town, Pierre Lafevre met the Swiss girl, Antoinette, and won her promise to accompany him to America, as his bride and the waiting-maid of Madame Cecile De Witt.

CHAPTER III

A STARTLING CONFESSION.
"The old, old fashion—Death!"
WHEN Beth reached home from her stolen ride she found the doctor's gig standing before the parsonage gate. Hurriedly throwing open the door, she encountered her father, in the hall, with a look upon his face that drove from her mind all thoughts of her ride, of Rial, and of her fateful secret.
"What is it? What is the matter?" she ask-

"What is it? What is the matter?" she asked, in terror.
"Your mother is dying, Bethel."
"Dying?" cried Beth, huskily, reeling against the wall. "II—I do not understand!" In all her mother's sickness the thought of this had never come to her mind. "Dying?" she said, again, brokenly, to herself, as if the blow had come so suddenly that, even yet, she could scarcely understand it. "Oh! it can—not be! It cannot be!"

Her father tenderly put his arms about her.
"Yes," he answered, tears choking his utternce, "if it is God's will it must be. Terrible ance, "if it is God's will it must be as is the blow, we must submit."

"But I can't! I can't!" exclaimed Beth, wildly. "It would be dreadful for God to let

Mr. Foss knew that the moment of the falling of her first terrible grief upon his daughter's life was no time for teaching, only for sympa-thy. So he gently kissed her, and talked with her, begging her to calm herself for her moth-

er's sake.

"She has been asking, ceaselessly, for you, Bethel; she has many things she wishes to say to you, and so little time to say them in."

The words were to Beth a reproach that calmed her more surely and quickly than anything else could have done.

ed her more surely and quickly than anything else could have done.

"I will see her, immediately," she said, and softly entered the sick-room, where the nurse and physician sat with anxious faces.

"Mamma! Oh, mamma!"

The daughter threw herself upon her knees, and buried her face in her mother's pillow. Mrs. Foss's eyes opened, and fell upon the sorrowing figure, and she motioned for the others to leave them alone.

"I know," she said, looking calmly up into

to leave them alone.

"I know," she said, looking calmly up into the doctor's face, "how critical you consider my case; but if I am about to die, all of my time must be given to Bethel. If you are needed, she will call you.

"Bethel," she whispered, faintly, when the clergyman and the attendants had passed into the next room, "lift up your head, darling, and listen to me."

I am listening, mamma," answered Bethel. raising her blanched, tear-stained face; "but tell me that what I have just heard is not true. Surely, you have been no worse to-day than usual, and no one has ever thought before that

r illness was dangerous!"
I have realized, for some time, that I might

recover, dear; and the doctor has been arriving at that conclusion for some Then why have not I been told?" cried

"No one meant to deceive you, Bethel. We only desired to spare you the unnecessary pain of uncertainty, not dreaming how suddenly the end might come, at last. And, perhaps, we have grown too much in the habit of regarding you as still a darling child, to be saved, as far as was with us possible, from all knowledge of unhappiness. You were our only one, and so dear to us that we desired, as long as we could, to keep you from crossing the borders of womanhood with its responsibilities and sorrow."

"But I will not believe that you can die yet," breathed Beth, fervently, as her mother's feeble voice ceased. "The knowledge is too sudden! You must get well! You must!"

"That, dear, is as God wills. But we have other matters to talk of—more important ones

—if we are to be called upon to part."

"As if there could be any more important matter than your life, mamma," said Beth, with

oving reproach.
"My life may well be nearly over, Bethel.

was not young when your father married me, and I have tried to be a faithful mother and wife these sixteen years."
"More than that. You forget that I am near-

"But your life is just in its youth and bloom," ontinued Mrs. Foss, paying no apparent heed o her daughter's correction, "and is of infinitey more importance than mine. All your fu-are lies before you, and the power to make or nar it; and to this life-work you carry the in-leritance of a temperament full of dangerous lements."

Dangerous elements? I scarcely understand

rou! Do you mean that I am any different rom the majority of young ladies?"
"Yes, Bethel, more brilliant, more fascinatng, more changeable, all of which characteris ing, more changeable, an of which characteristics will expose you to temptations; and yet you have the power to defy any will that becomes antagonistic to yours, and the capability of bearing and suffering intensely. You will understand better if I tell you something of your

wn mother.' "My own mother! You do not mean—" Bethel paused, unable to put into words the starting possibility that Mrs. Foss had sug-

gested.

"That I am not your own mother, my dear Bethel," the lady finished, a tender solicitousness trembling through her weak voice, and her white face whitening the more visibly as she forced herself to give up the claims she had held so undisputably upon the affection of the young woman who knelt at her side.

"Not my own mother!" gasped Bethelcheks and eyes blazing with excitement, and for the moment thinking more of this startling.

or the moment thinking more of this startling evelation than of the tender stepmother who, while dying, could wring her own heart, and

one she loved.

"Who was she then? Why have I never heard of her? And why do I know none of her friends?"

A spasm of mental pain passed over Mrs. Foss's face.

"That is what I am going to explain to you, Beth. But, first, as I have the consciousness that I have been a loving and devoted wife to your father, and have earnestly tried to aid him in his profession, so I would like, before I die, to have an assurance from the daughter I have cherished as my own that she have the have cherished as my own that she has not had reason to complain of lack of tenderness and Oh, mamma! darling mamma!" sobbed Be-

"Oh, mamma! darling mamma!" sobbed Bethel, wreathing her arms about the stepmother's neck, and raining tears upon her face, "you know that I have not! That you have been my dearest and best friend always!"

"Thank you, dear," said the sick lady, gratefully, "for that assurance. Your own mother died when you were scarcely a month old, Bethel. When your father made me his wife you were yet an infant; and from that time I have looked upon you as my own. I am sure you ooked upon you as my own. I am sure you will forgive me if I have been somewhat selfish n my love, and in claiming all of yours for my-

Bethel's little cool, firm hand pressed her epmother's feverish palm assuringly, and the adv continued:

Your own mother must ever, while you were younger, have been a mere name to you, while your father's memories of his brief, sad history in connection with her it seemed cruel instory in connection with her it seemed cruei to needlessly recall; so you were kept in igno-rance of his first marriage. But now that I am dying, I feel that you should know the truth, so that in your recollection of me there will linger

"Dear mamma, there never could have been any; and if this subject is painful to you, let us

lismiss it now,"
"No, Bethel, naturally you will wish to hear

something of your mother, and I desire that you should: for the knowledge may help you to make your own life happier than was hers. She make your own life happier than was hers. She was an only child, brilliant, fashionably educated, fascinating and an heiress. You, Beth, are very like her in looks, I have heard your father say. She was a half-orphan; her father was a haughty, hot-blooded Southerner, and she was, by nature, as proud, passionate and unyielding as himself; and when she fell in love with a widower with a little son, a West-Indian, some years her senior—for she was just seventeen, though at heart a woman, as most girls from the South develop wonderfully early—no amount of rage velop wonderfully early—no amount of rage and opposition on her father's part could influ-ence her against the man she loved; not even representations of him as a fortune-hunter and representations of him as a fortune-hunter and a villain, which truly he proved to be. Defying her father's commands, and his vow to disinherit her, and never own her again as his daughter, she made arrangements to marry Mr. Andral privately."

If it were possible for Beth Foss's brilliant gray eyes to grow more excited in their light, and her face to grow more white and intense in expression, they seemed to do so, as that name passed her stepmother's lips.

sed her stepmother's lips.
But this Andral," Mrs. Foss went on, hurry ing through her story with a nervous, strained energy that brought fever-spots to her pale cheeks, "was in collusion with your mother's French maid, Stephanie, and when he learned that he should gain neither position nor wealth by an alliance with the girl whose heart he had treacherously won, he left her to her fate and married the servant, instead.

treacherously won, he left her to her fate and married the servant, instead."

"And—the lady—my mother?" questioned Bethel, in suppressed excitement.

"She went, according to agreement, to the small, unpretending house, in a then almost unsettled portion of New York city, where your father lodged with one of his respectable old lady parishioners. He was then at his first pastorate, a missionary charge. There the expectant bride awaited for hours the coming of her lover. Finally a messenger arrived, informing her of his changed plans, his falseness, and that of her maid. She fainted, and my belief is that she broke her heart then and there. Her unconsciousness lasted many hours, and ended in a tedious fever. She was sick for weeks in Mrs. Bradley's little home, and there was not the slightest clew by which to discover her friends. When first she began to recover, the doctor, who knew something of the strange circumstances attending her illness, forbade them to excite her with questions until she had nearly recovered her usual strength; and as she got well slowly, and your father was the only other persone. covered her usual strength; and as she got well slowly, and your father was the only other person in the house, besides old Mrs. Bradley, he saw much of her, often sitting in her room to the large and to her?

saw much of her, often sitting in her room to talk or read to her."

"And he fell in love with her?"

"Yes, Bethel. He had no near relatives; his mother had died just at the close of his college career, and left him alone in life, young, enthusiastic, and singularly unworldly, as, indeed, he has always remained. This Southern girl, by the very strangeness of her circumstances, and her sorrow, appealed to his sympathies and fascinated him. At last, he won her to tell something of her story; but she utterly refused to seek her father, and threw herself upon Mr. Foss's protection. Bound by a promise to the

"Do you think my mother loved my father?" A faint, sad smile passed across Mrs. Foss's

face.
"I think her first unhappy love was her only one. She, doubtless, felt grateful to Mr. Foss and so gave to him the remainder of her spirit less, sorrowful life. She died a year later, and then your father wrote your grandfather a de-tailed account of her marriage and death; but the gentleman never noticed the letter, and we ot even know that you have a relative upon

our mother's side living."
There was silence for a little time, Beth think ing of that young, broken-hearted mother of hers rather than of her dying foster-parent; but when a movement of the invalid's recalled her attention, she was startled at the change on the

You are worse!" she cried. "Let me call the doctor!

the doctor!"

"Not yet, dear. I want you to remember this sad story and let it help to make your own life less erring and sad."

"Do not fear for me, mamma!" Bethel said, quietly. "I assure you I will be true to your pure and noble teachings."

"And promise me, darling, that you will plight your troth to no man whom you have not known, and respected, and loved, for years before he seeks you as a wife."

before he seeks you as a wife. Suddenly a ring of fire seemed to have kindled into flame upon one of Bethel's hands. Her

head sunk upon her breast.
"Do not ask me that, mamma!"
The sick woman failed to catch the words she went on, eagerly, but in a whisper now:
"I have always thought Harry Sewall loved you, and that you loved him, Bethel. If it is so, God bless you both. Living, I would gladly

have given him my darling; and so I do, dy Mamma! Mamma! Don't! Don't talk like

mamma: Mamma: Bont: Don't talk like that!" cried Bethel, with a keen anguish that made her voice changed and hard. "Let me tell you something."

"Yes, I must tell you—I forgot it—your mother's name—it was Cecile De Witt; but kiss me, Bethel; call your father—to kiss me, and—dear—dear—child—remember the—promise." (To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF ENGLISH BILL:*

"PASSING IN HIS CHECKS,"

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

"I never wilts, stranger; ef yer're spilin' fur a row, I'm ther man, I reckon, who'll tackie yer anyhow. Heur goes, pard; I'm ready; go an' heel yerse'd dun'd quick—
Draw yer iron lively, or I'll drap yer mighty slick. I'm augly critter, you bet, from the chaparral; Never seen a human as c'u'd drive me ter corral. Does yer nuckle down, pard? Does yer draw yer shootin'-six?

snootin-six? Ef not, jist h'ist yerse'f, or hand me in yer tricks. Ef yer hain't got ther sand, pard, jist cl'ar from this heur dance; neur dance; Git up an' git, ole hoss, whilst I gin yer a squar I allus plays a fa'r game, an' in shootin's on the squar'.
An' any man as says not, why, jist let him step out

He's gone, is he then, pards? Let's start this fandang' ag'in.
Yer says he's comin' back? Then I'll bu'st his coward skin.
Oh! he's come! Look-out, gals! Now, Greasers,

cl'arthet door,
An' yer'll see sich shootin' as yer never seen afore.
I'll gin him ther chances, boys, an' stan' heur in
ther light:
Now, whar's ther sneakin' Greaser? I'm jist sp'ilin'
fur ther fight.

'My God! he's got me, boys! 'fore I had a chance ter shoot;
He's got me whar I live, an' I am a dead gerloot.
Yer've kilt him, hev yer, pards? Waal, I've done skulpt my last red,
But things will run jist as well, I reckon, when I'm

But this remember, pards—don't yer gi'n a Mex's twere rough in me, perhaps, ter spile his leetle Tho'

ok so blue, Sam, boy; thar eye; Yer'll find another pard, an' I hain't afeerd ter die Reckon I've liv'd squar', boys; allus O. K.! neve

fear;
E't hadn't bin fur whisky—my God! but I feel queer!
E't hadn't bin fur whisky—my God! but I feel queer!
Buckskin Sam, yer hand, pard! Put it thar; my
eyes grows dim;
Regrets I sp'ilt yer dance, gals; but I'm goin' arter
him.
I'm passin' in my checks, Sam; but yer keep on
ther trail;
I'm crossin' o' ther river—yer'll foller without fail."

* English Bill, a noted Texas prairie man, wkilled, just as related in the poem, by a Mexic "Grea..er," at a fandango, one night in Rio Grancity, in 1861. The words in the text are, as nea as possible, those of English Bill on the occasi and the "Buckskin Sam" mentioned is the famoranger, Major Sam S. Hall, now living in Wilmitton, Delaware.—The Author.

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO:

THE TERRIBLE TEXANS. A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM." (MAJOR SAM S. HALL.) CHAPTER VII.

A FRIENDLY BEAR. WE left Kit and his comrades hidden in the thicket, three miles below the Comanche camp, when the Tonkaway started for San Antonio

after help.

When Raven had disappeared from their view, the boys seated themselves again upon the grass—Tom with his pipe, and Joe sending clouds of smoke through his nostrils, as he took from between his teeth, in true Mexican style, a shuck

cigarette.

Kit walked impatiently up and down the little natural opening, in which the rangers and their horses were concealed, his wild, wandering eyes observing every movement of Joe, Tom and the animals, as if in a measure to distract his mind from the great strain imposed upon him by Mary being a captive in the hands of bloodthirsty savages, and his forced inscriptive.

hands of bloodthirsty savages, and his forced inactivity.

Suddenly the low, chuckling laugh of Tom, at some witty remark from Joe, turned Kit's attention to them more particularly; but on again looking toward the mustangs he was startled to see that they had jerked their heads from the ground, the long green grass still hanging from their mouths, and that they stood with eyes and ears pointed toward the entrance of the trail, in the direction of the ford from the prairie, beyond where the signal smoke had been kindled by the Comanches.

The eyes of the mustangs glittered and apped, their nostrils were distended, and low snort, half fear, half surprise, burst snapped,

from making any loud noise, as they were well-trained prairie steeds that had traveled much on "Stop your smoking, boys," commanded Kit:

A gentle hiss from Kit prevented the animals

"Yes, madame," in a whisper, with a shy cooping of the head.
"And he loves you?"
"He has said so, madame."
"No one meant to deceive you, Bethel. We only desired to spare you the unnecessary pain of you be together," the lady rejoined, generally, not dreaming how suddenly the end might come, at last. And, perhaps, we have grown too much in the habit of regarding you as till a darling child, to be saved, as far as was the you can do not make a range of the went straight to the particular of the

Are you both ready All this was rattled off by the fastest kind of

All this was rattled off by the fastest kind of talking, and in a low voice.
Joe and Tom had sprung to their feet at the first indication of danger by the horses, and all three stood close to each other, every sense strained to its utmost.
As Kit ceased speaking Tom laid one of his hands upon his shoulder, the other on Joe's, and said, hurriedly:
"Kit, yer jist right every way, 'cording ter ther way I put things up; they have sent sum of ther red cusses down to keep a look-out fur us an' we've got tew wipe 'em out or our game's or ther red classes down to keep a look-but I us an' we've got tew wipe 'em out or our game's up; we're dished, and Mary's a gone angel. Now, look-a-here; I've noticed things; I alwis do. When ther Tonk left us ter go fur ther perrarie fur sign, his trail war bordered on ther right by bushes as thick as these around our nest here, an' if that ain't a cosey place ter lay fur them reds an' knife them, I don't know pothin', bout an ambush, but it's got to be done 'bout an ambush; but it's got to be done

"Another thing, boys," said Joe, earnestly, "is, that if there is more than we number of the red devils, as we have to use steel, take the last three first, and strike home to the

neart every time, then go for those ahead."
"Your head is level," whispered Kit; "now come on, and don't forget what depends upon a single mismovement of an arm."

And with a low hiss to the horses, the three rangers glided silently through the brush which bordered their hiding-place,

and entered the bottom timber which was quite

open.

The quick glances of the scouts in each and every direction told them that the coast was clear, and with long strides, in single file, they made their way toward the prairie, avoiding the trail taken by the war-party, but keeping just upon its edge in the grass.

The thicket was reached which bordered this trail or the west and they crouslyed down and

rail on the west, and they crouched down and cut away sufficient brush to enable each to pring clear into the trail upon anything that

spring clear into the trail upon anything that should pass.

The rangers were not a moment too soon, for they heard the low, guttural tones of an Indian giving instructions, and an instant after they had prepared themselves for the expected fight, with their long bowie-knives grasped firmly, the Indians came in sight.

Just as the warriors came nearly abreast of those who were ready to pounce upon them, an incident occurred so favorable to the rangers that it assured almost success in what might have been a very doubtful contest.

A huge black bear came waddling awkward-ly along between the post-oaks from the east down to the river.

The bear drew the attention of the Indians in that direction, and away from the dangerous

Their eyes were fixed upon the bear as they ame along within five feet of the concealed

guick gesture from Kit and three buck-ned forms sprung out into the clear trail skinned forms sprung out into the clear trail, three bowies flashed an instant in the air, and the next were buried to the hilt in the hearts of

The death-howls had not broken the silence before the Rangers, with blood-sprinkled garments and dripping knives, sprung for the remaining three in front.

Each Indian had his right hand at his quiver drawing arrows to shoot at the hear and as the drawing arrows to shoot at the hear and as the

drawing arrows to shoot at the bear, and as the death-yells of their comrades broke upon their astonished ears, they turned, but before they could fit arrows and pull bow, the Rangers were

could fit arrows and pull bow, the Rangers were upon them.

It would have been more equal had they dropped their bows and drawn their scalping-knives; but they were so taken unawares they had not an instant of time to act before the Rangers were gazing into their eyes.

It was but a glittering, lightning-like play of steel for an instant, and then the hot life-blood poured out on the trail, and there came three Indian death-vells, hoarse and gurgling, echoing

Indian death-yells, hoarse and gurgling, echoing faintly through the bottom timber.

It was all done in a moment's time, and the last braves fell before the first had ceased to gasp and contort their limbs in their death-

You may think me superstitious, boys," said Kit, in a hesitating manner, "but it's something singular in that bear happening to come along just in the nick of time; that bear was sent bere I region by one of here I reckon by one of our guardian angels. When things look most desperate something

When things look most desperate something turns up in our favor."

"I've an idea!" cried Tom, suddenly bursting into a low, chuckling laugh.

"Well, you'd better hold on to it," suggested Joe, interrupting his mirth, "for you don't have them often; they are as few and far between as cold water springs on the Staked Plains."

"Sling yer tongue, Joe," returned Tom, without showing that he was offended; "yer edicated, an' got ther right; I knows yer don't mean nothin."

"I was might mean to say it, Tom," exclaim-

nothin'."

"I was might mean to say it, Tom," exclaimed Joe, "but no offense was intended; it was only a joke. What's your idea? I'll own you do have good ones; and often in the brush and on the prairie help us all out, and that's more than I can say for myself."

"Out with it, Tom!" exclaimed Kit, impatiently; "no use sitting here, marks for some skulking red."

"West hows" answered Tom, hardly able to

skulking red."
"Waal, boys," answered Tom, hardly able to restrain a laugh, "my idea is to bind them dead reds, standin' up round that big oak by ther ford, and it'll give every cussed Indian that comes this way such a sudden set back that we'll git a better chance ter cut ther breath off.

They'll think the Great Spirit has throwed 'em It can't do any harm," returned Kit, "and think, as you say, it may be a good thing for

feet: "we hain't taken off thar top-knots yet. Pick yer meat an' take yer hair."
"Tom!" cried Kit, quickly, "don't do it; I think it is disgusting to see a white man take a scalp. I really wish you would not do it, or if you do, let it be when I'm not about."
"Anything to please yer Kit." returned Tom "Anything to please yer, Kit," returned Tom, "but I hates to see so much hair wasted. Thar's enuf ter trim a bridle up gay. Here we go,

Hold on!" exclaimed Tom, springing to his

boys; drag 'em along."
Each Ranger grasped an Indian by the arms, and dragged him to the oak, which stood by the ford on the bank of the river, and could be plainly seen by any one coming from the opposite side. Returning to the thicket they dragged the other three also to the tree, and Tom went for, and

three also to the tree, and 10m went for, and soon returned with an extra lariat, one end of which he bound around the tree.

The dead Indians were, one by one, stood up against the trunk by Joe—Tom keeping the rope winding tightly about them to keep them in position.

down on the green sward to rest, except Kit, who, walking slowly up and down, broke out

Boys, my mind is made up; I shall enter the "Boys, my mind is made up; I shall enter the Comanche camp to-night as soon as the darkness favors my design, and either rescue Mary from the fiends or find a way to relieve her mind by letting her know we're on the trail. You both can go to sleep. I could not take a wink at such a time as this. I'll go and get a paint-bag from one of the dead Indians, and if need be I can discusse myself."

a time as tims. If go and get a paint-bag from one of the dead Indians, and if need be I can disguise myself."

"Now, see here, Kit!" exclaimed Tom; "yer gittin' risky to think of such a danged dangerous job as that; wait till ther boys cum."

"That's talking sense, Tom," returned Joe, warmly; "Kit, I don't see why you can't listen to reason. The boys will ride like a double-barreled norther, and will get here before morning if nothing has happened to the Tonkaway."

"All the tongue you both can sling," said Kit, decisively, "would not alter me one lota in my determination to release or relieve that girl's mind. I can play my points alone easier than with company. You'll see Kit will come out right side up with care."

With that Kit parted the bushes and disappeared after the paint-bag, and to take a look about the ford and also up the trail toward the Indian camp.

"Was I Lee" said Tow, godly "Kit ave the degree

Indian camp.

"Waal, Joe," said Tom, sadly, "Kit are the doggonedest, stubbornest human I ever run ag'in'; he's wuss than a Arkansas mule. Thar ain't no use slingin' any hard or soft talk at him; he'll go, you bet! I see him crawlin' thru that cussed Injun camp now, that ar' I know jit how.

go, you bet! I see him crawlin' thru that cussed Injun camp now; that ar', I know jist how he'll do it; but I say, Joe, let's take a little snooze, an' wake up ready fur blood an' thunder, fur it's comin', bet yer last bit."

"I'm always ready, Tom," answered Joe; "I'll coil me noble form up on the emerald-fringed banks of the rippling Medina and dream of me true love in the Alamo city, and of the Lone Starry hours we've passed together. Buenas noches! Oh! I forgot, it's daylight. 'Happy be thy dreams,' old pard.' Adios!"

"I ain't so danged soft as ter dream," muttered Tom; "when I go in fur a reg'lar genuine old snooze I take it and don't spi'le it with dreams. I sleep so little i can't afford 'em. Dreams is a luxury, pard; go to sleep."

luxury, pard; go to sleep."

It was not five minutes before both of the exhausted rangers were in a deep sleep, which comes only to those who pass their life in the open air, and who are almost constantly in the In the mean time Kit found everything quiet,

procured the paint-bag, and then came silently back to the hiding-place.

Anxiously he looked at the sun to note the passage of time, and with eager longing he waited for the dark shadows of night to fall in sable hue upon the prairie.

CHAPTER VIII THE GRAVE IN THE WOOD.

IT was not half an hour after the Tonkaway Indian left the ruined ranch of Will Halliday before a large half-breed horse, saddled and bridled, came galloping wildly through the postoaks, with half a dozen Mexicans in hot pur-

It was the same animal which Will had rid-

It was the same animal which Will had ridden the previous night up to his cabin door, when chased by the Comanche Indians, and which he had been forced to let loose as he sprung in to defend his wife and children.

This horse was a favorite of Will's, and had been made a great pet of by all about the house. He had evidently wandered to the prairie, where he had joined the herd belonging to his master, and upon the appearance of the Mexican bandits, who strove hard to capture him, had stampeded for the ranch.

The bandits were not twenty yards behind the horse as he dashed snorting up to Will's side by the grave.

the grave.

The lasso of the robber who was in the lead was whirling over his head as he caught sight of Will's wild, haggard face, the grave, and the dead Indians scattered about with gaping wounds and covered with gore.

The Greasers took in the horrible scene in an instant and comprehended the situation. The instant and comprehended the situation. The Greasers took in the horrible scene in an instant and comprehended the situation. Their sallow cheeks became of a deadly hue as Will, looking more like a corpse than a living human being, arose from the grave and gave them a look which caused them to send the long rowels of their spurs into the flanks of their mustangs; when, whirling, they bounded with cries of fear and horror back through the timber, on the same trail they had come, not even daring to cast a look behind them in their headlong flight.

The coming of the faithful steed had the ef-

The coming of the faithful steed had the effect of breaking the terrible spell which had bound Will to his dead.

He knelt down in the grave, and kissed his dear murdered darlings, and in a trembling

agony.

The Rangers sunk panting beneath the trees, upon the opposite side of the trail, a few yards from the dead Indians.

"Six reds gone on the long, dark trail!" exclaimed Tom, exultantly, "an' nary one of us got a scratch! It ar' all owin' ter that b'ar. I used ter hanker arter b'ar-meat, an' I'm dogone hungry now, but I don't reckon it would chaw worth a picayune."

"We better rope the bear," said Joe, casting a thankful, friendly look at the animal, "and warn everybody not to harm him. We can put an underlope on his left ear and split the right, so we'll know him again."

"You may think me superstitious, boys," said protect them from the wolves.

The horse cropped the grass about the grave, at times jerking up his head and twisting his ears around, as if suspicious of the return of his would-be captors, and at others looking wonderingly at his master. There are some horses that seem to have more than human knowledge, and this was one of them.

After Will had covered the grave to his satisfaction, he raised his clenched hands toward heaven, and muttered to himself, as if recording a vow of vengeance against those who had cast upon him such unbearable misery.

He then seated himself again by the grave

He then seated himself again by the grave, and remained with his head clasped in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees, until the shadows of night once more fell about his ruined home, and the owls began to hoot, as if deriding his misery, in the branches of the post-oaks overhead.

He then sprung to his feet and bounded like an enraged panther out among the dead In-

dians.

One by one he grasped them by hair and belt, and hurled them with a giant's strength upon the huge pile of rails.

In the belt of one he found his revolvers, which he quickly transferred to his scabbards again, together with a large bowie-knife.

In a few moments the corpses of the Comanches were all lying in a mixed heap upon the rails.

Will then gathered a quantity of dry twigs and leaves, struck a fire with his flint and steel, and igniting the kindlings, with a ghastly, gratified, revengeful smile, he, with folded arms, awaited until the flames flashed up all around and about the bodies of those who had been the cause of his ruin.

been the cause of his ruin.

As the flames leaped up in fiery forks—at times flaring one side, as the breeze struck them—the forms of his enemies could be distinctly seen, when, with a maniac laugh, Will Halliday would leap into the air, and send wild yells ringing through the darkness which surrounded

CHAPTER IX.

BIG FOOT WALLACE AND HIS IRISH PARD. THE Tonkaway and his white companions rode at headlong speed through the chaparral without speaking a word to each other, and be-fore ten o'clock were at Pleasanton's ford on the

Down the bank they went, splashing into the rushing waters.

The night so far had been as dark as it could be, but the ground was well known to all

The horses buried their noses eye deep in the cool stream to quench their thirst, and the moon, just peeping up at their backs, cast a thousand silver rays, flitting through the branches of the bottom timber over their heads; but the waters of the Medina rolled on in inky

As soon as the Indians were in position, the Rangers returned to the opening where they had left their horses, and threw themselves are larger to make some remark to Clown, when the deep silence of the night was broken by a growling voice, which

could only have proceeded from the lungs of a man of gigantic stature.

The words seemed hurled down upon them like bowlders of rock.

"Who ther deuce are ye? White, red, or yaller? Spit her out rite pert an' lively, or yer won't nary one of yer strike dirt this side ther ford! Reckon I boss ther Medina jist about now—that's when I'm here."

As our friends gazed up the bank from whence the voice proceeded, on the opposite side, the forms of a man and horse, both of immense size, were distinctly outlined against the moonlit sky, almost over their heads—seemingly much larger than they really were from the position they occupied and the moonlight. As they looked up, the moon's rays glanced brightly along a rifte-barrel held in the hands of the rider, and pointed directly down upon them.

All brought their horses to a sudden halt at the strange, wild scene, and Big Foot exclaimed, in ale epy voice of surprise and grief:

"Boys, this beats anything I ever yet seen; it kinder knocks me; why! I'll never sculp anuther red; if wild ain't wild."

"Ye're right, Big Foot," returned Jack. "I dident expect ter find things quite so mixed. He's wilder'n a wounded panther, an'! reckon he alwis will be, by ther look of him."

Larry, with pale face and chattering teeth, what sort even a cunthry is this? Sure, that must be the divel himself, an'he's afther startin' a young hell here in Texas, and bedad! I'm thinkin' they need it bad."

"Cum on!" shouted Big Foot. "Cum on,

moonlit sky, almost over their heads—seemingly much larger than they really were from the position they occupied and the moonlight. As they looked up, the moon's rays glanced brightly along a rifle-barrel held in the hands of the rider, and pointed directly down upon them.

It was but a moment of silent astonishment, a sudden griping and elevating of rifles, with our friends, and then came a loud, prolonged laugh from Jack, and his answer rung out:

"See here, Big Foot, I reckon yer kinder puttin' on extra airs. Does yer drive on this line? Draw up yer shooter, an' save ther charge; it's needed bad up ther creek. If yer boss ther Medina yer make a danged poor job of it, ter allow such goin's on as has happened up the creek. Jist you low yer animile tew balk rite thar till we drive up. Come on, boys!"

All three, with much scrambling and falling back, finally gained the high bank above, and rode up to the burly horseman, who made each cringe with pain as he gave them a hearty gripe of the hand.

eringe with pain as he gave them a hearty gripe

The giant horseman, whom our trio of friends had so opportunely met, was no other than Big Foot Wallace, noted as one of the most successful rangers and scouts on the Texas frontier.

He was of giant build, with very large feet for even a man of his size.

The extensiveness of his understandings had rained for him the schriculat of Big Foot and

gained for him the sobriquet of Big Foot, and few men, women or children on the south, or south-west borders of Texas, but knew him per-

south-west borders of Texas, but knew him personally or by reputation.

He was clad in a complete suit of tattered buck-skin, made by his own hands, in rude frontier style; his long, dark-brown hair and grizzly beard gave him a rough, wild appearance; but when you looked in his eyes you felt sure that he was a man you could trust in any emergency, even with your life. A broad-brimmed, black sombrero, was slouched carelessly on the back of his head; and his balt contained two large, old-fashioned Colt's revolvers. A

on the back of his head; and his balt contained two large, old-fashioned Colt's revolvers. A huge Bowie-knife and a Sharp's rifle, made up his fit-out in the way of arms.

His horse was a powerful bay half-breed, well suited to bear its noble rough-and-ready rider.

As Big Foot gave the hand of the Tonkaway a wring he evel aimed:

As Big Foot gave the hand of the Tonkaway a wring, he exclaimed:

"Boys! I'll bet my panther ag'in' a kayote, that thar's mischief sumwhar, an' not more'n a day's lope from this, or that Tonk wouldn't be a-b'ilin' round with ye; I never yet seen that cuss but what I had tew do some tall shootin'. What's up? I was jist a-goin' ter San Antonio, tew lay up a month's store of coffee an terbacca."

"Afore I let's yer know what's on ther way-bill," answered Jack, "I'd like ter know whar yer been drivin', fur a week past?"

bill," answered Jack, "I'd like ter know whar yer been drivin', fur a week past?"
"Waal, Jack," responded Big Foot, "I've had jist ther wust run of danged ague I ever had; been housed in my ranch an' shook 'bout all ther straw off ther ruff; but, sling yer news, fur I'm sp'ilin' fur sumthin' fresh."
"Yer won't feel so well, when I tell yer," re-

"Yer won't feel so well, when I tell yer," returned Jack, in a mournful tone, "but it's got ter cum out. The reds are on the rampage above here up ther creek; they've killed, and scalped Cotton's folks, Will Halliday's wife, baby, an' old lady, and got Molly, the 'Rose of the Medina,' prisoner. Ther Tonk cum fur us, an' I'm mighty glad we met yer, fur yer wanted bad. Ther's only Kit, Tom, an' Joe on the trail so fur."

By ther blood o' Crockett!" exclaimed Big "By ther blood o' Crockett!" exclaimed Big Foot, madly, "if the red cusses hav' dun this—if ther hell-hounds hav' ruined Will, my hate is doubled, and it were keen afore. I've toddled that baby on my knee: my hand has griped Will's in friendship, an' so help me 'Gehosiphat,' henceforth I'm his pard in vengeance. Lead on fur life or death!—but, hold a moment. I've got an Irish pard what I picked up a moon ago; can't leave him; he's sleepin' in the brush—" With that Big Foot spurred his horse about twenty yards up the road, bent down in his saddle, grasped a man still half asleep upon the ground, sat him astride of a horse that was feed-

saddle, grasped a mar still har asteep upon the ground, sat him astride of a horse that was feed-ing near, gave him a shake, put the bridle in his hand, and in a loud, threatening voice, cried: "See here, Larry, yer better rouse yerself mighty speedy, or I'll leave yer whar ye'll lose thar's hard ridin', but a heap of fun on ther end

on't.
Saying this, Big Foot put spurs to his horse, and dashed back again to the party on the bank of the river, yelling before he reached them:
"Lead on, Tonk! we're arter ye like hungry

wolves, an' twice as desperate;" and all four disappeared beneath the shadows of the oaks up the river.

The Irishman rubbed his eyes a moment, gazed up into the moonlit heaven, gave a heavy yawn, and turned his head toward the fast-disappearing form of Big Foot.

"Rouse yerself, is it, Mister Big Huff? an' be jabbers it's all the time I'm after bain' roused. Yees don't mind the time of night at all at all. Hard riding, is it? 'Pon me soul I'm after thinking it's hard riding whin ye are all the time at it; an' as to the fun I'm sure yees has strange ideas of that same. What's that he was saying? Begorra! he'd l'ave me here to lose me scalp. of that same. What's that he was saying? Begorra! he'd l'ave me here to lose me scalp, that's me hair, skin an' all. Git up, ye devil av a horse, or I'll broke yer back wid me stick. Bedad, what was I saying? Devil a stick have I but a gun what knocks me sinses away every time it spits fire. The curse on that same gun! Sure my arm is near broke wid it. Git up, ye devil av a baste! dident ye hear Big Huff sayin' we'd be scalped?" And Larry yanked the bridlerein, and struck the animal a violent blow with

horse bounded snorting into the road, and down toward the ford; then halted so suddenly

down toward the ford; then halted so suddenly on the brink of the bank, that Larry only saved himself from being precipitated down the steep into the river by clutching with a desperate gripe the cantle of the saddle behind him.

"Be the holy Moses!" yelled the frightened Irishman, "are yees making belave yees dident see whare to go? Do yees want to get rid of me? Now, by the powers o' pewter, ye'll just take yerself up the strame mighty lively, fur I hears the crackin' ev bushes whare the big soout hav' gone. Ye'll take yerself that way, or I'm cursed etarnally if I don't get off yees an' walk after him, l'avin' ye alone to be sculban' walk after him, l'avin' ye alone to be sculp-

The animal whirled half-around, almost unseating his rider again, and then dashed on after the Rangers, and was soon within easy speaking distance; but the deep shadows, made more dark and somber by the streaks of moonmore dark and somber by the streaks of moonlight, the galloping forms ahead of his friend, Big Foot, whose characters he did not know and whose presence he could not account for, drowned all desire in the Irishman for conversation and he did not even whisper to his horse, as was his custom.

A few hours of hard riding brought them near the ruined ranch of Will Halliday, and the wild yells which struck their ears, together with the bright light of a fire, caused them to quicken their pace to a faster lope.

As they burst through the bushes, which bordered the clearing in which the cabin had stood, a most strange scene broke upon their view.

A human form, which all recognized as Will Halliday, was outlined against the fire, made by the pile of rails; the dead Indians were nearly consumed, and Will, his face painted blood-red with vermilion found in a paint-bag taken from an Indian, his hair decorated with the gaudy head-dress of a warrior, was feeding the fire with wood from the corral, and as he would hurl a large post into the flames uttered yells that would have honored any of the braves whose bodies he was now burning to ashes.

Seen in the hand of pupil and teacher.

On comparing notes, it was evident to that the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the part of the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the part of the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the part of the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this letter and the sthat had crossed his path were one and the writer of this l whose bodies he was now burning to ashes.

bad."
"Cum on!" shouted Big Foot. "Cum on, boys! We can't linger on ther trail."
All the party at this galloped up to the fire near Will, who was dancing and yelling around the bright blaze, which gave him a weird appearance, as the livid light played upon his wild nainted features.

pearance, as the livid light played upon his wild, painted features.

"See here, Will, old boy," called Big Foot;
"cum with us and pay back blood fur blood. Den't you know the reds has got Mollie? Cum on an' go for 'em like a man."

Seeing no sign that Will knew him, he turned to the Indians:
"Pedraware was foolis! I have a big fools."

to the Indians:

"Reckon yer war foolin' bout a big fight here; don't see no corpuses. Whar are ther reds what were knocked under?"

"Heap Comanche kill!" answered the Tonkaway. "Will burn in fire."

"Oh, ho! that's it, are it?" exclaimed Big Foot. "Cum on, boys; leave him here; now to save Mollie, 'the Hose of the Medina,' or ter die."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

A HEART PRAYER.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

There are tears in store for us to shed, There are sorrows deep for all; But, if we raise our drooping head The dews of grace will fall.

There are clouds which hide the glorious blu In every roseate sky;
But if we scan them close, we'll view
Where silver linings lie.

Sometimes the grace of patience hides Its meek and lovely form; And in some dark recess abides, Wrapped up in angry storm.

As when the lightning's lurid light Trembles athwart the sky, It shows the traveler lost in night Where homeward pathways lie. When hedged our way, forbid we shrink!
"God teach us to be true!"
And, if needs be, unfaltering, drink
The "gall and wormwood" too.

The Rejected Heart:

THE RIVAL COUSINS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER XVI-CONTINUED. At last a note reached the prisoner in his lone cell, and Walter's heart told him whence it came. It was so blurred and blotted as to be almost illégible: It ran as follows:

"Dear Love: I have been ill, but am better now.

Keep up good courage. I shall see you soon, very
soon.

IRENE."

This note had been a good while on the way, considering the short distance it had to come, and bore marks of having been tampered with; but Walter was too overjoyed at the sweet assurance that it conveyed to think of aught else. He had not had time to read this precious missive more than a dozen times, when the door opened, admitting a lady, whom he recognized even before she threw back her vail.

Rising, he advanced eagerly toward her, his face all aglow.

"Oh! my darling! how very good in you to

Irene had hitherto been rather shy in the expression of her love; but now the sorrow and compassion that filled her soul swept every barrier before them. Throwing her arms around him, she burst

d you think I would stay away from you

"Did you think I would stay away from you? that I could do so? Oh! my love! my love! mever were you half so dear to me as now!"

Walter was strongly moved; holding the sobbing girl closely to his heart, he said:

"Let Fate do her worst now! scorn, imprisonment; the prospect of a shameful death, these I could bear, but not the loss of your love. The bare thought that perhaps you believed me guilty of the terrible charge preferred against me at times nearly drove me wild. But now I am repaid for all, can bear all. But tell me, darling, with all this terrible array of evidence, has your faith in me never once wavered?"

Irene was as truthful as the day.

'To be quite frank with you, Walter, there was a time when I thought, when I feared—"

Here Irene paused, as if reluctant to put her thoughts into words lest they should wound being.

"Go on. You need not fear to speak. That you think me innocent now is all that I ask."

Irene returned that smile with a look full of fidence and affection.
I thought, I feared, at first, that you had

quarreled with John, shooting him in anger "As God lives! I never saw my poor cousin alive after I parted with him at your house, on

the evening of the night he was murdered. I have only to reproach myself for the concealment of all that I discovered a couple of hours after leaving you, and which no one can regret now more than I. But I meant it for the best. At that time, indeed, it seemed dangerous to do

Walter now proceeded to give Irene a full account of what the reader already knows, to which she listened very attentively; asking, on its conclusion, a minute description of the mys-

"It is very singular," she said, breaking the thoughtful silence that followed. "If this young fellow is not the real criminal, that he had something to do with the murder is very

Then Irene told Walter of a singular letter she had received a day or two before its occur-rence; warning her, if she married John Rem-mington, that she would repent it to the latest

Unfortunately this letter was destroyed, hough she remembered that the name signed to though she remembered it was Joseph Harmon.

Having no knowledge of the writer, and no idea, at that time, of marrying her cousin, she had not mentioned the circumstance to any one until now, though the singularity of its tone and purport made a strong impression on her mind.

One thing struck her forcibly, that was the strong similarity of the handwriting to Walter Recommendation.

Remmington's.

The reader will remember that Walter had noticed the same resemblance between the handwriting of the mysterious stranger and his own, and which had seemed like the similarity often

seen in the hand of pupil and teacher.
On comparing notes, it was evident to Walter that the writer of this letter and the stranger that had crossed his path were one and the sam

mystery that surrounded the whole affair, and which baffled all attempt to unravel it. It elicited nothing of importance but the name, But the elasticity of youth is wonderful; under the charms of Irene's presence, the influence

of her cheering and hopeful words, especially the love that spoke so clearly in every look and tone, Walter's spirits rebounded against the weight that had borne him to the earth.

weight that had borne him to the earth.

And, though after Irene's departure, something of the old depression returned, especially when he thought of the fearful array of evidence against him, the recollection of all her love for, all her faith in him, gave him courage to look his troubles steadily in the face, seeking some way of escape, not for his sake only, but for hers, whose heart, whose life was bound up in his.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MAD MOTHER.

IRENE was met, on her return, by a message rom her uncle, who had preceded her a few inutes, and who was impatiently waiting to

He arose excitedly at her entrance.

"Can it be possible that what they tell me is true—had I not seen your carriage in front of the jail I could not have believed it—that you have been to see the guilty wretch whose hands are stained with the blood of my poor boy?"

Drawing herself up to her full hight, Irene looked steadily into the flushed and angry face of the speaker.

"No, uncle, it is not true. I have been to see

"No, uncle, it is not true. I have been to see Walter Remmington, my betrothed husband, accused of a crime of which he is as innocent as

Girl! your betrothed husband is lying in the "Gir!I your betrothed husband is lying in the untimely grave to which this man sent him! It was to win you that he committed the deed which has left me childless and desolate! But he shall not gain his purpose. I live but for one object, to bring my son's murderer to the gallows. The day that I see him hung will be the happiest of the few remaining days that are left

The shocked, indignant feelings at Irene's heart were plainly visible in her face, but her eyes softened as she looked upon the bowed head of the speaker, grown so white in the last two

of the speaker, grown so white in the last two weeks.

"Uncle, you have suffered so terribly, your loss is so cruel, that I cannot bear to add to your sorrow by reproaches, however harsh and unjust I may feel your language to be. For your own sake, I wish you would lay aside this bitter, unchristian spirit, a spirit of hatred and revenge, inexcusable if all that you allege be true, and which can only give added bitterness to your cup of sorrow. I would stake my life on Walter's innocence; though I own, and so does he, that there are circumstances that tend on Walter's innocence; though I own, and so does he, that there are circumstances that tend to fix suspicion on him. Of one thing you may be sure, uncle, that dear as Walter is to me, if I believed he had done so cruel a deed, no matter how g; eat the provocation, I would give him up at once and forever."

"Who else could have done it? Who else would? With this one exception, my poor boy had not an enemy in the world. That Walter Remmington bore him ill-will is no secret; that he threatened him, can be proved by a dozen

remmington fore him in-will is no secret; that he threatened him, can be proved by a dozen witnesses. Why he hated him, why he killed him is clear to every one but you, who will not see it. I repeat it, it was because he stood in the way of his winning you, and with it the wealth he coveted, that John was thus foully dealt with."

"Uncle, you are laboring under a great mis-take. Walter had nothing to gain by John's death, had he been so wicked as to wish or seek death, had he been so wicked as to wish or seek it. My heart was already his, as he well knew. I have called him my promised husband; he was as much so before John's death as he is now. In pledging Walter my hand, I exacted from him not only the promise that our engagement should be kept secret, for a time, but that he should claim, in public, only such privileges as I could accord to a friend. It was out of respect to your feelings that I did this. I knew how strongly you had set your mind on my marrying John, and I wanted to give you time to be reconciled to it. I was, also, desirous of making some provision for John and yourself, as a compensation for your disappointment. What a great mistake this was I now feel."

"The mistake you made was in disregarding

What a great mistake this was I now feel."
"The mistake you made was in disregarding the solemn promise made to your dying father. Had you kept this pledge this dreadful thing would never have happened. But it is too late to think of this now. My son, my only son has been foully murdered, and I only live to avenge him! I give you fair warning that I shall leave no stone unturned to have meted out to his murderer the punishment he merits."

in foully murdered, and I only live to avenge it I give you fair warning that I shall leave it I give you fair warning that I shall leave the punishment he merits."

God grant you may be successful! You it hat each than I have a double incentive; to mete out just to the real criminal, and to clear the innot. I think that I have a clew that will lead not."

The door immediately opened, admitting Irene. "I hope I am not intruding. The hall door was open, and finding no one in the sitting-room, I came directly up."

Taking Irene's hand in both of his, the good old man led her to a seat.

"You did quite right, my dear. I am very glad to see you. Mrs. Goodspeed is in the garden, I think."

As Mr. Goodspeed looked more attentively at his visitor, a serious expression took the place of will not labor more earnestly to that end than I. I have a double incentive; to mete out jus-tice to the real criminal, and to clear the innoent. I think that I have a clew that will lead

Mr. Remmington lifted the pale, haggard face that pleased and friendly smile.

"You are looking pale and thin. No wonder, "What do you mean? What have you dis-

overed?"

'I do not like to say more now, uncle; at his juncture it would not be prudent. But his I will say, that I have the name and decription of the real criminal, and believe he

Mr. Remmington regarded his niece attenively for a moment, and then turned his eyes

loomily away.

"It is some lie, I suppose, concocted for the occasion. Walter Remmington is the real criminal, and nothing you can say will make me believe to the contrary!"

Irene made no reply, feeling how worse than useless any further words would be; only the discovery of the actual murderer would convince him of his error, and to this end she determined to direct all her energies.

which mis error, and to this end she determined to direct all her energies.

With this resolution in her heart, she went up-stairs to her aunt's room, who had been carried there insensible on the evening of the discovery of the body, and had not left it

since.
She met her own maid coming out.
"How is my aunt, Margie? Is she asleep?"
"No, ma'am. She's very restless and sort o'
flighty like. She's been asking for you 'bout
every five minutes since you've been gone."
Irene passed into the room where her aunt
was tossing restlessly upon her pillow, a strange
and anxious look in her eyes, as they wandered

pathy between the two, they were too widely different for that; but as Irene looked upon the bale, worn face, a feeling of tender pity smote

"Are you feeling any better, aunt?" she said, ouching her lips to the hand that was lying on

Mrs. Remmington looked attentively at the

"I don't know. I feel strange. You look strange. Your uncle came in a few minutes ago, he looked strange; so does everything and everybody."
"I would not mind it," said Irene, in very much the tone one would use to a sick child.
"But I do mind it," was the impatient resonne." I feel as if you all wore hidden sponse. "I feel as if you all were hiding something away from me. Why did John go out of town without letting me know, or telling where he was going? He never did such a thing before."

Irene was silent. It was evident that the terrible tragedy, beneath whose accumulated hor-rors the brain had given way, had been merci-fully permitted to pass from her mind. It would be a useless cruelty to recall it; some-thing which she felt she could not do."

Mrs. Remmington regarded her niece suspi-

ciously for a moment.

"Why don't you answer me? You hadn't anything to do with it, I hope? If you have driven the poor boy away, I will never, never forgive you! Was it your uncle that was telling me that you objected to marrying him? Of course that's all nonsense, Irene. You can't break with him now, at this late day. Besides, why should you want to do so? Where will you find a finer looking man, or one better-hearted? I know he is a little bit fast; but a good, sensible wife will cure him of all that; after he's married he'll settle down and make one of the best husbands in the world. I ously for a moment.

one of the best husbands in the world.

don't see what you can have against John. There's many a girl that would be glad enough to get him."

It was terrible to Irene, knowing all that she

It was terrible to Irene, knowing all that she knew, to listen to this.

"I wouldn't talk any more about it now, aunt; wait until you are better."

"But I must talk," said the sick woman, sharply. "And how do you know that I ever shall be any better? I don't know what has come over me. I never felt as I feel now. Something tells me that this is my last sickness, that I shall never leave this room until I am taken out in my coffin. And that is what makes me so anxious about your marrying John. My mind would be at rest if I knew you were his wife. I don't see why you can't be married now as well as any time."

"Will nothing stop her?" thought Irene, ris-

"Will nothing stop her?" thought Irene, rising from her seat, who began to feel that she could not endure this a great while longer.

The nurse now approached, with a spoon and vial

It is time for her to take this, Dr. Miller said I was to give it to her once every two hours, and oftener if she got restless and ex-

hours, and oftener if she got resuless and excited.

"It is something to quiet her nerves and make her sleep," added the woman, as Irene took the medicine from her hand.

Irene was alarmed at the wild glare in her aunt's eyes, and her strange, rambling talk, and knowing what the medicine was, and its effect, noured out a double dose. Mrs. Remmington took it, exclaiming in the

Mrs. Remmington took it, exclaiming in the same breath:

"I don't want to sleep! I wouldn't sleep for the world; lest I should dream again that horrible dream. Did I tell it to you, Irene? I dreamed that I saw John lying dead upon the lawn, cold and white, his eyes staring out upon me from the partly-closed lids, and his garments all dabbled with blood. A crowd of solumn looking nearly ward with the same property and him, and ents all dabbled with blood. A crown of and mn-looking people were around him; and oices kept booming into my ears: 'John is hot! he is murdered!' I shrieked in my agony how the crown to have time through the crown to and terror; bursting through the crow there he lay.
"Then I awoke, and found myself here."

Mrs. Remnington turned her wild, glittering yes upon the pale, agitated face of her com-

eyes upon the pale, agitated face of her companion.

"Why do you look so at me, Irene? It was only a dream—terrible, indeed, but only a dream! It was not true—who would shoot John? Why don't you speak, why don't you answer me?"

Irene burst into tears.

Mrs. Remmington sprung to her feet.

"I remember it all now!" she cried, in tones of deep, concentrated orror. "It was true! I did see my boy lying out there upon the grass! Is he there still? Let me go! I will see!"

It took the united strength of Irene and the nurse to keep the frenzied woman from flinging herself from the window.

Shriek after shriek now resounded through the house, bringing Mr. Remmington and the doctor to the scene, who were consulting together in the library.

The paroxysm was too flerce and terrible to last long. Though pale, and trembling in every limb, Irene remained until the poor sufferer was lying upon the pillow in the deep stupor of the strong reaction that followed.

She then went to her own room, for the rest or greatly needed.

But many times in the

She then went to her own room, for the rest so greatly needed. But many times, in the years that followed, did the recollection of that wretched mother struggling in the arms of those two strong men return to scare her in her midnight visions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRANGE BRIDAL.

REV. MR. GOODSPEED sat in his study by the ppen window, alternately revolving in his mind the subject of his next sermon and watching his wo little grandchildren, who were sporting in

the garden beneath.

He was a white-haired, venerable-looking man, whose countenance bespoke a goodness and benignity which made it very pleasant to

He was aroused from his pleasant train of re flections by a gentle tap at the door.
"Come in."
The door immediately opened, admitting Irene.

his visitor, a serious expression took the place of

no wonder, my poor child! Yours is indeed dark and heavy sorrow! That compassionate look and tone were too much for Irene's self-control; she struggled si lently, but unsuccessfully, with the emotions that overpowered her, then bursting into tears, she sunk down upon the hassock at Mr. Goodspeed's feet, and laying her head against the knee on which she had so often sat in her happy childhood, sobbed forth:

"It is heavy indeed, for heavier they were

'It is heavy indeed; far heavier than you The kind-hearted old man was greatly moved. The kind-nearted old man was greatly moved.

He had known Irene from a baby, except when
she was abroad, had seen her almost daily, and
she seemed like one of his own children.

He laid his hand tenderly on the head of the

obbing girl.
"The Lord comfort thee, as He alone can He loves whom he chastens, and does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men. You surely have not forgotten where to look for

and and comfort?"

Irene had sobbed herself into comparative quietness; raising her head, she smiled faintly into those mild, compassionate eyes.

"I should have profited very little by all your instructions, if I forgot that."

"You have been much in my mind of late. I called vesterday, but you were out. How is

called yesterday, but you were out. How is your aunt to-day?"
"She is more quiet. But Dr. Miller gives us no hope of her recovery. Nor can these who love her wish it. John was her idol; and the wakening to the knowledge of her loss, with all the terrible circumstances attending it, would

make life too burdensome to be endurable "Poor woman! What a warning it is to us of the danger of disregarding the divine injunction, 'Make not unto yourselves idols.'"
Irene assented to this, but it was evident by the far-away look in her eyes that her thoughts

"Papa Goodspeed, I have come to ask a strange thing of you."
This was what Irene always called him when child. The old man smiled.
"It will be a far stranger thing, my daugh-

ter, if I fail to serve you to the extent of my

between us two that it has been a settled thing between us two that, when I married, you should perform the ceremony."

Mr. Goodspeed looked uneasy.

"My dear, is it well to harrow up your feelings by such a reminiscence as this?"

"I have come to ask you to redeem that promise."

omise. Mr. Goodspeed was so shocked and startled y these words that he could not speak. Had he loss of the man he had always considered as her future husband turned her brain? which there was a look he had never seen

there before.

Irene continued:

"I know what you think, what every one else thinks—but you are wrong. John would never have been my husband had he lived. I could not do him nor myself so great a wrong as to marry him when my heart was another's. My hand was pledged to Dr. Remmington three weeks before John's death. And now that he is suffering this most undeserved shame and sorrow, and seemingly every heart is closed "You astonish me beyond all measure!"
"And shock you as well. I see that plainly.
Do you remember the high terms in which you
spoke to me of Dr. Remmington scarcely a
month ago?"

"I remember not only that, but my astonishnent and sorrow when I learned the suspicious ircumstances that connect him with his couir's murder. Even now, I can hardly believe treesible."

"It is not possible! He is innocent. I will prove to the world my conviction of it before the setting of another sun! And you must help me to do this."

"My child, don't be hasty in the matter. onsider, what will the world say—the world that believes him guilty-if you take such a step

as this?"

Irene arose to her feet confronting the speak-

rene arose to her feet confronting the speaker with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes.

"What care I for the world? My world is in the narrow cell where lies the husband of my choice. I promised to be true to him through good and evil report, and I must keep my vow."

"No man can honor and appreciate the noble sentiments you utter more than I, but can you not be true to him without becoming his wife, at least until this dark cloud has passed—if it ever does?"

"In no other way can I be to him all that he

"In no other way can I be to him all that he needs at this trying, this terrible hour. In no other way can I prove to the world how truly I love and honor him. I will be his wife before the day closes, even if I have to get a stranger to perform the marriage ceremony. You baptized me, when an infant, you have been my spiritual guide and teacher from that day to this, and it seems most fitting that you should officiate when I assume one of the most sacred of all human obligations; and I did not think you would refuse me."

Irene's voice faltered at the concluding words,

Irene's voice faltered at the concluding words, and her eyes filled with tears.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

The Journal of a Coquette.

BY GARRY GAINES.

VIII.

SUCH people as those Johnstons are, anyway! They are so anxious to trap poor John Harris into marrying Kate that even the old gentleman buttonholes him in the street and flatters him up by consulting him about his business afman buttonholes him in the street and flatters him up by consulting him about his business affairs and asking his advice in regard to investments in stocks, and old Mrs. Johnston smiles from ear to ear when she tells about his calling there to spend the evening with Kate, and winks and nods very significantly as much as to say his visits were getting to be frequent and meant something, while Kate herself makes it convenient to go to the post-office or some place every day and come past his office just about the time he goes to his supper, to get to walk along with him as far as her gate. I think I'd send back Charlie Dixon's diamond ring before I set my cap for some one else—I don't see how she can have the "cheek" to wear it after he wrote for it and actually demanded it, but a girl who will wear borrowed clothes to a party is mean enough to do anything. There is something radically vulgar in such Shoddyites and they oughtn't to be tolerated in decent society. Anybody could tell where they sprung from by hearing their blather about the "first society" and "social position" and all that kind of stuff, for only those whose position and social status is not very well assured will attempt to bolster themselves up by such twaddle.

I wonder if Mrs. Johnston has regaled John Harris yet with that bombastic story of her high family connections—how a step-cousin of her father married a nephew of ex-Senator Somebody, whom nobody ever heard of. I don't see how he can help being disgusted with the whole of them, but there's no accounting for tastes, and if I don't watch out for my laurels, Kate may wheedle him into thinking she's an angel.

I was looking at him in church yesterday, and it consults to the surface of the substruct of of the substruc

she's an angel.

I was looking at him in church yesterday, and it seemed to me his nose didn't look so tremendously big after all! And that reminds me of what aunt Jane says—that the only way I can be brought to really think anything of my seaux, is the prospect of losing them—that so long as I feel secure of their devotion and think long as I feel secure of their devotion and think I have the game all in my own hands, I snub them or sugar them up at my pleasure; but just as soon as some other girl interests herself in them and tries to supplant me—then I can see a thousand beauties and perfections in the ugliest following the resistance but I'll still to it the action of the resistance but I'll still to it the secure of the resistance but I'll still to it the secure of the resistance but I'll still to it the secure of the resistance but I'll still to it the secure of the resistance but I'll still to it the secure of the resistance of the resista ellow in existence; but I'll stick to it that I always said John Harris would be right respect-able-looking if it wasn't for his nose, and it is either owing to the way he wears his hair now or else because his nose is losing that purplish, erysipelas-suggestive tinge it used to have—it really does not disfigure him quite so much any

Ah! back from your shopping already, aunt Jane? It's such a pretty day, I suppose all the girls in town are out to show their finery, while I have to stick in the house with this lame foot. Yes, there go Flora Davis and her sister with their new seal-skin sets on! I'd like mighty well to know where their father scrapes up the money to dress those girls with. I believe they'd take the last cent the poor old man had, to writing and look pretty. "You say you saw Kate Johnston chatting with Mr. Snodgrass and John Harris, on the

Did I ever! I wouldn't be as bold and un-rincipled as that girl is for a million dollars. She knows those two gentlemen are in love with me, and would jump at the chance to marry me to-morrow if I'd only say the word, and here she's trying her best to cut me out—she, the dowdiest-looking girl in town, and has freckles as big as bird's eggs, too! I never heard anything to equal it in my life!

"You think my conduct is inexplicable, did you say?—that if I don't care anything for John Harris I ought to be willing to let some one else marry him and be happy with him." he knows those two gentlemen are in love with

Harris I ought to be willing to let some one else marry him and be happy with him."
You're very much mistaken, aunt Jane, if you think I don't care anything for him. I just think the world and all of him, and if I were ready to marry I'd just as soon take him as anybody, indeed and double I would!
"You say, then, since I've made up my mind that I really love John Harris, I oughtn't to be vexed at Mr. Snodgrass's attentions to Kate Johnston, for of course if I think enough of one man to marry him, no other man can be any-

Johnston, for of course if I think enough of one man to marry him, no other man can be anything to me, eh?"

Not vexed at Dan Snodgrass for being sweet to Kate Johnston, indeed! Oh! aunt Jane, I don't see what you are thinking about? I despair of making you understand these matters. You act just exactly as if I didn't care a fig for him, and would be willing to give him up, when you know as well as I do that I think just as much of him as I do of John Harris, and would have accepted him long ago if he had only had a decent name, but, aunt Jane, you know yourself how perfectly awful it would be to change my name to Snodgrass? If it were Brown or Jones, or even Smith, I wouldn't say a word, although I've always declared I wouldn't marry a fellow with either of those names; but anya fellow with either of those names; but anything under the sun except Snodgrass! You see, the case stands this way: when I'm with John Harris I like him best, and when Snod-

grass comes I think the most of him, and so you see I'm kind of in love with them both. "You say that's a sure sign that I don't love either of them, and that no girl who has really any affection for a young man will stand upon such trivial considerations as an unmusical name or a long nose, and you prophesy that I'll live to regret the time I've frittered away in coquetry, for when my youth and good looks are gone I won't find the fellows so ready to adore me, but I'll be hoved aside for some fresher, postition force."

Oh! mercy! don't go to prognosticating such dreadful things! It makes the cold shivers run down my spine to think of ever being a neglect-ed, forlorn old maid like y— Well, I won't say Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

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FRANZ.

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE; OR,

THE BRIDE OF PARIS,

in which a strange life-history is wrought to a fierce denouement, favored by the excitement, nounced her likes and dislikes of various matturbulence and perils of the last revolution in ters and people; chaffed her companion about fierce denouement, favored by the excitement, the beautiful city. The Commune and revolution are but incidental to the story proper, which is not of matters of state, but of a sucourage carry forward her purpose in the face of obstacles, perils and suffering that would have crushed a less dauntless soul. The whole plot, action, persons and situation are striking in the extreme, and sure to command an eager reading.

"DID it never occur to you," writes a lady from Central New York, "how the constant reading of any particular paper molds the taste and fixes the mental proclivities of the reader?" And she goes on to state that for several years she had read a certain "magazine" whose literary strength was of the weak and sentimental order, and had unconsciously formed her ideas of life, society and morals upon its standard. Her brother brought into the house the Saturday Journal, about three years ago, and she got to reading its "girls' stories." To her surprise she found them of a far different class from the romantic nonsense she had been fed upon so long, and after a few weeks she ceased to buy the "magazine" Hor these are degenerate days; and she is, after all, only a sample of a very large class of American misses! A Parson's Daughter. which had become simply stupid and silly to her. And from reading the girls' stories she had got to read everything in the paper, until now she enjoyed the most finished and thought-

may not acknowledge the fact, do mold if not make our taste, and if one is observant he or carry some of these lessons into our every-day she will see that the grade of the person's life, and see if we couldn't and wouldn't bear intelligence is generally clearly indicated by our little trials and grievances with more fortithe papers or periodicals which are regularly perused. Hence, how very important is it to that we will be braver, and that we will no make a right and proper choice!

For the Good Words that are spoken of the SATURDAY JOURNAL by readers, correspondents and the press, it is not possible it was too much of a load for the boy. adequately to express our thanks. To quote how much I can carry." Was not that the epi one-half that is quotable of their opinions of tome of faith? Now, why cannot we have as the Journal, or of its merits as compared much faith in our heavenly Father, and fee with other weeklies, is not practicable. But, seeing that it is not necessary to reassure our can carry? patrons that they are served with the best pasuccession of serials, stories, sketches, essays, poems and humor that will satisfy the most exacting lover of entertaining literature.

FROM Conrad Wintworth (alias "Little Buckshot") we have this invitation to the hunt-

ing-grounds:

"I am an old hunter, and guide, and scout; and have my hunts with those English lords who come to the great West for pleasure.
"Now I want you to send some of your friends out to me in the middle of September, and I will give them a good elk hunt. I have a nice home, plenty of horses, a good team, and in two days I can have them with the elk, and it sha "n't cost them anything.
"Dr. Rose, of London, had the last hunt with me.
He was delighted.
"Let me know when you or your friend will come and I will be at the railroad to meet you.

and I will be at the railroad to meet you.
"Address, box 148,
"St. Paul, Nebraska." If, with a sigh, we have to decline Conrad's are glad that they have fared no worse. generous offer, we hope some friend alive to cannot we slide over our troubles and take the sport will embrace the invitation and "go in"

and have a good time with the old hunter.

July bestows upon our old contributor, Wirt if those better times should never come, I do Sikes, a well-deserved biographic sketch. Mr. Sikes has been a busy and successful caterer to made my life far sunnier than if I had given current literature for fifteen years, and now way to despair and despondency."

Such were the wise words that fell from the has a position as U. S, consul at Cardiff in Wales, which has been used to no small advantage in a literary way. It is pleasing to know the state of the ready and industrious writer has in view we are like some "old poke" who sits before other than mere magazine articles—that he has planned one or more books that will be sure to

the Old World. Success to him!

Sunshine Papers.

She-A Sample.

SHE was a tall, slender girl, something be tween fifteen and nineteen years. She had fine eyes, and ordinarily good features, and, without being really pretty, was far from being really plain. Indeed, had she possessed the healthy fairness and freshness that belongs to youthful faces, she would have been posi-tively attractive; but she had a worn, pale look which betrayed how little beneficial exercise she took, and how much she indulged in the dissipation of late hours and crowds, though she was a growing school-girl who should have spent every hour snatched from school and study in out-door recreation and long nights of absolute rest. She was nicely clad, but there was something in the manner of arranging her hair, and the jaunty trimmings of her hat, and the almost rakish style in which she wore it, that made her presence conspicuous. Viewed from one side her hat entirely concealed one eyebrow; and the eye that was just discernible being a bold gray one, she almost startled observers by her re-semblance to a brigand. Viewed from the opposite direction her hat was cocked up to such an extraordinary angle that she had a decidedly forward, mannish appearance. With her was a younger girl so extremely different that the peculiarities of the one were more marked.

They were upon a public conveyance at an hour in the day when it was thronged with travelers. After obtaining a prominent position, conversation commenced and proceeded in just such a rattling, rapid, noisy style as is utterly unattainable by other mortals than two silly, talkative girls. But she had the larger share of it, talked loud enough to be heard by a considerable audience, tried to say smart speeches, and looked around her, constantly, in great self-admiration, to see if the crowd appreciated her endeavors to entertain them She criticised one or two books in a manner that lamentably betrayed her ignorance; anseveral gentlemen, always designating them by an initial or a descriptive phrase; reported some of her saucy remarks to her schoolteacher; told how many uifferent gentlemen perb woman whose mighty resolution and called upon her; who were her escort and partners at the last social; and how many evening engagements she had ahead. All this was interrupted with tosses of the head, giggles, and efforts to flirt with a very bashful youth in her close vicinity. And the audience looked on, and listened, and exchanged glances of scorn and disgust, and one among them, if not more, was agonized in spirit by a mighty desire to step forward and put the young woman's hat upon her head as it belonged and bandage her mouth, and box her ears soundly, and send her home to her mother with a command to that matron to see that her daughter conned her lessons and then went directly to bed; and the additional message that if the miss attempted to "sit up" with any youth, or go to an evening entertainment oftener than once a week, a good dose of slip-per be administered in the old-fashioned ma-

> If only some mothers could be found, with enough common-sense, spirit, and appreciativeness of their daughters' well-being to adopt such a summary course of treatment, a reform might be effected among the ranks of our silly unhealthy, bold, ill-mannered school-girls. For these are degenerate days; and she is, after

Cares and their Cure.

In reading some of the good stories in the SATURDAY JOURNAL and noticing the many ul matter in it.

This, we may say, is pretty sure to follow in difficulties the heroes and heroines meet with, and the numerous obstacles they surmount, and read, though we all so willingly and bravely, I cannot belp thinking what a good lesson they teach us, and that it wouldn't be a bad idea if we were to tude. It may require much patience and a vast amount of perseverance, but if we resolve faint on the way, ten to one the danger will soon be passed.

Doubtless you have read the story of the person who met a young lad pretty well laden with wood, and who remarked that he thought

The lad's answer was: "Father knows that "He shapes the back to the burden? that He will not give us more trials than we

I once knew a dear, good man who had been per which the best American talent can pro- afflicted with blindness, and who, of course duce, we say to all well-wishers, "Thank was shut out from beholding many of the you!" most heartily—one and all, and can didn't sit in the corner and mope, and h beauties that surround you and me, but he promise for the fall and winter campaign a didn't murmur at his affliction, and he didn't consider himself useless to himself or his fellow-

He took up his cane and said-"There is not much I can do, but what I can, I will."

And he did. Once I met him in a crowded thoroughfare; he was alone, and upon his arm he carried a basket of eggs. I could not help saying that I feared the eggs would be broke ere the corner was reached. "Time enough to now, and I am not going to think of ill conse-

quences until ill consequences come. How I then envied him his disposition; how

When the youngsters come to a long and icy hill, they do not tremble and shiver, make up a long face and say that they "never can get down that hill in safety." They just slide down and take the consequences. Supposing they do get a few bumps? They jump up and

"When I get into a thicket of brambles, just trample them down and look forward to the fair open field beyond, and that is exactly the way I treat my trials; I trample them un ROBINSON'S Epitome of Literature for der foot and look forward to better times; and not think my time will have been wasted in looking forward, and I know the thought has

the fire, all through the winter, with an almanac in his hand and growls as he counts the days, and thinks spring is so far, far away. meet with a wide welcome both here and in Time seems heavy to him because he makes no good use of it.

I have in mind a good young fellow who was buying for himself a snug little home, but who, in the midst of his endeavors, was thrown on a bed of sickness, and, upon his recovery, saw that board, doctors' bills and necessary expenses had eaten up his property, but he doesn't despair or contemplate committing Not he! He is working as hard as ever and looks forward to better days, and they will visit him. He doesn't think the so hard to bridge. In fact he doesn't think much about the matter; he knows he must work, and he does work. Is he not far happier than he would be if he had the ridiculous idea that matters could not be mended?

There are a good many whining and desponding individuals scattered through the land, and there are multitudes of cheerful and hopeful beings, and the latter have the pleasantest lives.

Don't say you cannot bear up, because you

an do so if you would but try.

If you don't know where to find the spirit of contentment, go and search for it. Others have found it, why should not you? Don't talk of "utter despair," for it's foolish and EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Search for Truth. A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION AROUND THE WORLD.

I USED to shake hands with myself and congratulate myself on the fact that I knew about everything that was ordained to be known. I was not puffed up or proud over it, but the satisfaction was the same, nevertheless. I made no effort to know any more, because, you know, I thought I couldn't. It has ever been one of the main characteristics of the Whitehorns to get to knowing everything, and then they generally die, which was right and proper, as of course they had nothing then to live for. Naturally I got very much alarmed. I would have sold out some of my stock gladly, but in my neighborhood every body thought he was as well supplied as myself.

I began to stir around for my health, and soon found that there were a good many things which I didn't know yet; a vast number. There are still many things which I want to find out before I graduate, and for this purpose propose to organize an expedition around this little world, this summer, on a voyage of science and discovery, if I can get up a crew who yet lack a little of knowing everything. I think I will be able to get up enough for a small crowd if I try hard enough, and the fare

will be very cheap as an extra inducement.

Among the things which I have got to find out before I am ready to give everything up in this world I beg to mention a few:

I want to know what people growl at who have nothing to growl at and yet keep up the I want to know by what rule in Equation a

ashionable woman's dress must be so long in the trail and yet so short in the neck? I want to know why it is some people spread such fine thick carpets on their floors

and such thin butter on their bread? I want to find out why it must be that when

man accidentally happens to become a genius, if even it is in the hanging line, that he must studiously affect eccentricity and otherwise make a fool of himself in unnatural ways for the sake of style? I want to know why a man can never be

onest in this world without doing all he can to let everybody know it, and why does not modesty run in that direction. I want to know where they get so much mu-

sic in organic Italy, and why they had the heart to try to reorganize so much of late. I want to know why a man who is too mean to pay anything he rightfully owes, will always be the first when he owes a man a licking

pay it promptly. I wish to ascertain to a demonstrative point why it always, always everlastingly is that your neighbor's brats are so much noisier and more unruly than your own dear little children which everybody can see without the aid of

moked glass. I want to find out if possible why it is that our wife is always the most irritable when she s putting up her hair, and why she does not therefore put a little of the oil of peace on.

I want to find out if it isn't always the case that when a man thinks so much of himself no one else has a chance left to think much of

my neighbor always exasperatingly gets along a little better than I do.

I want to know why we can't have hot wea-

ways will discover that the apparel of a wonan she despises always fits her better than ner own, although she will never acknowledge

I want to find out just why it is in the nature of things that some workmen will sit own on a bench even if they are compelled to sit on a buzz-saw.

I want to find out why it is that when a peron happens to get hurt or is dangerously sick, that half a dozen or so of people, good talkers, don't sit and entertain him with descriptions of ills and accidents five times worse than his

I want to know why other people do not talk as much of other people as other people do of them or anybody else

I want to find out by what law of human curiosity twenty men will stand and laboriousy watch one man at work on the street, and why the same law does not influence the one man to sit down to watch the gaping twenty as a far greater curiosity.

advantages of being henpecked at home is so particular as to put on a bold face abroad and let on like he is not a man of that kind. I want to know why there can't be a gun in

I want to know why a man who has all the

vented which will go off the same at both ends in cases where they "didn't know it was load-

I want to know why your mother-in-law should always be your mother-in-lawyer. Many other vexed and vexing questions will

be fathomed and fully explained, and will make this grand expedition a benefit to the WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Manager.

No MAN possesses real strength if he cannot, after having heard all that others have to say, resolve, and firmly resolve, what to do, and carry his resolution into effect. Take counsel of others; profit by their experience and wisdom, but above all, take counsel with yourself: make up your own mind what to do in this

Topics of the Time.

-Madame Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte's ninety-three years are easily worn. She is said to collect her own rents, and is a very shrewd woman of business.

-It is estimated that there are 200,000 head of cattle in Nebraska, west of the 100th meridian, representing over \$3,000,000 of capital—giving employment to 600 men, whose wages, not including board, amount to \$27,000 monthly, or \$216,000 per annum.

—Boston baked beans can now be indulged in in every clime, and at the uttermost corners of the earth, thanks to the hermetically sealed can. The business has grown enormously. It only needs the savory brown bread to complete the festive dish. But that can't be canned!

-Commander Cameron, the African explorer, -commander Cameron, de Arrica poter, is contemplating another Eastern expedition. He will set out from the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, and cross Northern Syria to Kurdistan, whence he will make his way through Mesopotamia, Persia and Beloochistan to Kur-

—The popular hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," was written by a Scotch lady, Elizabeth C. Clephane, for a friend of hers, who edited *The Children's Hour*. Mr. Sankey first noticed it while riding on the train between Glasgow and Edinburg, and it is now the most widely-known song which he sings.

sects, the Hephardim and the Ashkenasim.

—General Benjamin F. Butler is reported as saying that in his childhood he was "one of the conventional good boys who always learn their Sunday-school lessons," and in this way he knew all the New Testament by heart and a good part of the Old. Afterward, when he read the Greek Testament at college he never had to study his translations. The mold of each chapter and every verse was already fixed in his mind.

mind.

—It is now supposed that the truth has been discovered concerning the fate of lovely Theodosia Burr Alston. Eight or ten years ago Dr. Pool, of Eastern North Carolina, visited as a physician a family living near Cape Hatteras. On the wall he noticed hanging an exquisite oil painting of a beautiful woman. The head of the house, an old man, told the doctor that when a youth he had found it on a vessel which had been wrecked near the Cape, in a furious storm which occurred in the winter of 1812 or 1813. All on board the vessel were lost. The portrait was that of Mrs. Alston, and this fact is thought to prove her death in this storm.

—A special chart of the Polar regions has

or prove her death in this storm.

—A special chart of the Polar regions has been made in London for Mr. Bennett, whose expedition, next year, is to go by Behring Strait. The warm current flowing north through the strait is represented as sweeping round the north-west coast of America, one arm of it going north by the west side of Banks's Land to 80° N. lat. No doubt this is the direction which it is intended the expedition will take, Kellett Land, at the north entrance to the strait, is extended into a great broad island, by the is extended into a great broad island, by the east side of which this warm currrent is represented as flowing. If such land really exists, it will certainly form an excellent basis for further operations by sledge.

—The problem of cheap living, which has drawn out so much correspondence in the *Tribune*, has also attracted attention in England Vegetarians and meat-eaters have demonstrated that sixpence a day is amply sufficient strated that sixpence a day is amply sufficient to satisfy the requirements of any reasonable appetite, and now an enthusiast declares in *The Manchester Guardian* that a man can live well on sixpence a week. He himself never spends more. For twelve years he has abstained from any other food than bread and water, and at the age of fifty-one is in the enjoyment of better health than he ever had in his earlier years. He is blessed with a small appetite, and finds a four-pound loaf of bread onlie sufficient for his four-pound loaf of bread quite sufficient for his sustenance during a week. Bread, he argues, is the natural food of man; if he will adhere to this diet and take proper care of his health, he will, in nine cases out of ten, arrive at a green old age. It is the consumption of stimulating food, such as intoxicating liquors, milk, fresh meat and fish, which enervates the minds and bodies of men, and prepares the way for dis-

one else has a chance left to think much of im.

—Captain A. H. Bogardus, the American "wing shot," gave a remarkable exhibition of his skill at Stanley, England, recently. He undertook to break 300 glass balls in twenty-one minutes, using three guns of different weight and caliber. The humane objections which the properties of pricess. I want to know why we can't have hot weather in winter when we would appreciate it the most, and cold weather in summer when we need it the most; and I also want to see why we can't throw the earth back six months in its course until July weather comes in January and January weather in July.

I want to know why it is that a woman always will discover that the apparel of a woseveral feet into the air, the captain shooting at it generally in its ascent. In the space of nine-teen minutes he fired 308 shots, and missed only eight balls, thus performing his task with two minutes to spare. Notwithstanding the great exertions which such a feat involved, Captain Bogardus appeared but little fatigued. In the course of the afternoon his son also displayed great skill in the use of the gun. It should be stated that shooting at glass balls does not require so much skill as shooting at flying birds. They certainly present a smaller object at They certainly present a smaller ob which to fire, but there is a regularity manner in which they are projected into the air which gives to the practiced marksman an advantage which he would not have in shooting at flying birds.

—Brave little Mrs. Gaines is said to have remarkable legal knowledge. She is reported as saying that she has really no attributes but enof her long struggle, she says: "I never have had a notion of either dying or giving up." As to talking, she says that she has found only one person who came near surpassing her in that. This was Madame Le Vert. "I met her in society in my early married life. She had evidently heard I was a noted talker, and her tongue ran so I could not get in a word. She had a way when she saw a person was about to had a way when she saw a person was about to speak of waiving them back with her hand. Three times we met, and I was foiled. At length I heard her talking French with an officer. She I heard her talking French with an officer. She could make one word run on the heels of another in English, but in French she had to think of her pronunciation and speak slow. If possible I could jabber French faster than English. possible I could jabber French faster than English, so I took up her words and started. I never stopped for two hours. I waived her back as she had me. After two hours headway in French, I launched into English, and talked one hour in English. Then I bid her adieu." A Washington correspondent of the Times, of Chicago, says that throughout her long battle with poverty and fate, Mrs. Gaines has kept a firm faith in the Protecting Power. She is thoroughly truthful and kind-hearted, and never forgets a kindness. There are now 300 families living in her ness. There are now 300 families living in her houses in New Orleans. "I can't turn them out homeless," says the little woman. "I can go cold and hungry myself and have a happy heart if my conscience is all right, but I would never see a happy moment if I should do so mean a thing as that?"

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Was it Sin?" "A Good Ghost;" 'His Two Loves;" "Her Country Cousin;" "Dothe's Time of Trial;" "Poor Lucille;" "The School Girl's Petition;" "The New Bonnet;" "Three Poems," by M. E. N.; "A Lily of the Valley."

Declined: "Skipping Rope;" "Sorry the Day;" "A Gay old Trip;" "Benjy's Bet;" "Song;" "After Many Years;" "A Speech from a Barrel;" "A Wizard or Wolf;" "Captain De Boots;" "Speak Not Her Name."

H. L. W. Ms. quite imperfect; due three cents on

postage.

HARRISON. If your employer treats you so rudely he is no gentleman, for no true gentleman ever domineers over, or is constantly insolent to, those in his service. Write such a man down a boor, and leave him as soon as you can. A petty tyrant always is a coward, and rarely is otherwise than a cringing sycophant to those above him.

MISS EX-JOE. No "apology" was necessary; only an explanation; a failure to keep a promise usually demands that. If it is all your fault ask the gentleman to call, and then, by your reception, show him that you desire his continued interest in you. Otherwise he will probably believe you to be either indifferent or insincere, and he may wholly withdraw from your association.

M. S. G. The paper is called waxed tissue. It is

from your association.

M. S. G. The paper is called waxed tissue. It is used by confectioners for wrapping candies to keep them from sticking. Address Geo. J. Crofts, 43 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Thank you for your kindly notice of the Journal. About "lending to seven or eight different parties" why do you do it? It is a poor reader, indeed, who cannot spare six cents per week for a paper like the Journal. You have our permission to say as much to each one of the borrowers.

ELECANT EGRERY We know nothing of the content of the cont

to be er it, —At the present time the whole number of Jews in Jerusalem amounts to 13,000 souls. As such it forms more than one-third part of the entire population there, and exceeds almost double the Christian portion. The other cities of the Holy Land count together about 12,000 Jewish inhabitants—to wit: in Safed, 8,000; at Tiberias, 2,500; Hebron, 800; and Jaffa, 600. The Jews in Jerusalem are divided into westes, the Hephardim and the Ashkenasim.

—General Benjamin F. Butler is reported as saying that in his childhood he was "one of Sunday-school lessons."

In the autumn. He premission to say as much to each one of the borrowers.

ELEGANT EGBERT. We know nothing of the preparation mentioned. Rub your face with raw ripe tomouto, nightly. Don't know who is the "champaration mentioned. Rub your face with raw ripe tomoto, nightly. Don't know who is the "champaration the relations of a pienic; the woods are better if they are dry and deeply shady. Your writing can be considerably improved by practice. Take a course of any good copy-books.

Country Seat. We are so far the creatures of habit, custom and usage, and so accept what has been, as our guides, in conduct, that often what is pronounced outre or exceptionable is merely parture from pre-existing ideas. If we have a saying that in his childhood he was "one of Sunday-school lessons."

In the autumn. He premission to say as much to each one of the bour cowers.

ELEGANT EGBERT. We know nothing of the premission to say as much to each one of the bour cowers.

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ELEGANT E

Jenne P. Anne Hathaway was the wife of Shakspeare. Cannot say that we approve of "moonlight excursions." While we fully sympathize with your desire to have a "good time" sometime, yet we say, do not go on such excursions even if you are shut up in a store all day. Most of these excursions are crowded and attended by a class of young men not desirable to meet. Make it a rule to refuse all such invitations, unless your parents, brother or some intimate friend are going to chaperon you. Get all the air and rest your can upon Sundays, and evenings at home.

Boy Gardener. Now is just the time to slip plants for winter blooming. Start the slips in the same jars you wish them to remain in during the winter. Do not select too large pots, as plants bloom more freely for having the roots somewhat crowded. While there is room for the roots to spread and increase, they will not throw out buds. Keep the slips out of doors, giving them plenty of sunshine and water, and pinch off all buds until October; then let them grow for winter blooming. You should take your plants in by the last of August, so that they may get used to the house and its different temperature before really cool weather commences.

ROBERTA. Bay rum in no way acts on the blood when used as a lotion. It is merely (if pure) a decoction of the leaves and berries of the bay-tree (laurus), but most all the "bay rum" of the barber shops and drug stores is a spurious compound of scented alcohol. We do not therefore advise its use. For the skin, wash in pure water, using a slight quantity of borax to dissolve the oil in the pores, and to purify the skin bathe it occasionally in a weak solution of ammonia. No washes "act on the blood." If the blood is impure cleanse it by strict diet and a two or three weeks use of an infusion of chamomile, sassafras and dandelion, made into a tea, sweetened to the taste and taken before each meal.

Lew M. Antipathies often arise from mere differences of temperament or tastes. Your father's, toward the lady, ought not to annoy her. If your mother approves the association maintain it. Accept your friend's proffers. If you are unable to take such trips, owing to their expense, and he so much enjoys your company, of course accept his invitations, and discharge any "indebtedness" for his kindness by doing all you can to make yourself a desirable guest. Permit no extravagance of separate rooms, or unnecessary expense in carriages, boats, etc., nor allow expensive wines. You may thus be the very friend he needs. Never mind "what people say;" it is wholly your own and friend's affair. Some time you may be able to return his favors in kind.

turn his favors in kind.

Mollie P. P., Milwaukee, Wis., asks: "Will you tell me how to arrange my hair at night? I have always been used to going to bed with it put up just as I had worn it during the day; but some one told me, lately, that if I would take it down it would be better for me, as my hair falls out badly. How often, if ever, ought the hair to be cut?" Never go to bed without taking down your hair, and brushing it with a stiff brush, for at least five or ten minutes. It is best for the hair to leave it loose at night, just tossing it upon the upper part of the pillow, above your head. If arranged, simply braid it loosely, and tie loosely, near the end, with a bit of ribbon. Once a week bathe your head well in a bowl of cold or tepid water, to which a teaspoonful or so of liquid ammonia has been added. Rub the scalp well with the fingers, dry the hair thoroughly, with towels, leave it loose over the shoulders until quite dry, then brush ten minutes. Twice a day brush the hair vigorously. Clip the split ends once a month. By adhering to this treatment faithfully you will soon have a healthy head of hair that will not come out.

Nelson B. S. says: "In hot weather I suffer ex-

Nelson B. S. says: "In hot weather I suffer extremely with the heat, and am troubled with my hands and feet perspiring excessively. Can you tell me of any remedy? And is there any way in which excessive perspiration can be checked without injury to the system? And will anything obviate the strong odor caused by perspiration under the arms?" Take a cold bath, daily; especially washing the feat well in cold water; do not eat or drink what is very stimulating in its nature, but adhere to a generous diet. Lemon juice is sometimes effectual in checking excessive moisture of the hands. Make a powder of starch or arrowroot, perfume it with orris, and use it upon the hands and feet, and sprinkle it inside the socks and gloves. A gill of liquid ammonia added to a pail of cold or tepid water (the former is preferable), makes an invigorating, purifying, and cooling solution in which to bathe during warm weather, It cleanses wonderfully, it removes the odor of perspiration, it is cooling, and it is a healthy as a sea-bath. A spoonful of ammonia (liquid) added to a basin of water and used to wash under the arms, and to bathe the feet, will remove the strong odor of which you complain.

Miss "Edna Erle" writes: "Will you tell me

under the arms, and to bathe the feet, will remove the strong odor of which you complain.

Miss "Edna Earle" writes: "Will you tell me exactly what I want to wear upon an ocean voyage? I am going with some friends of my father's to the Paris Exposition, and I want to know just what to provide myself with for traveling, without asking them. I am a country girl, and unused to journeys of any kind; but I don't want to seem 'green." The best steamer dress is a flannel or waterproof one, made of dark material and but little trimmed. It must be short enough to clear the deck, all around, as the decks are often wet and musy, and garments that become wet with salt water you will find it almost impossible to dry. The Princess style of dress is most comfortable and convenient, being easily arranged. Your petticoats, and under-clothes, too, if possible, should be of flannel, scarlet, or gray trimmed with scarlet, or navy-blue trimmed with white or black. Wear thick, high, buttoned boots, or else low shoes and woolen leggings. The former are more stylish-looking. Linen collars—those with collarette attached are best, as they do not need to be pinned—and cuffs are neater than any other fixtures for neck and wrists. The calico cuffs and collars are nice for ship-board. Have a waterproof ulster, made with plenty of pockets, sleeves gathered on elastic cord at the wrists, and long enough to quite cover your dress. Also have a worsted or merino hood that will quite cover your head; and a flannel wrapper for your state-room. You will need a rug, a steamer-chair (this can be bought at a trunk store), and a thick shawl. When you get to the other side, pack your steamer outfit and leave it with the steamship agents. Take few things with you, if you desire to make purchases upon the other side—say a handsome traveling dress, and one silk suit, and a few changes of linen. All small toilet articles at an a store the deaper abroad than at home.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

FIFTY.

BY O. J. VICTOR.

On the crest of the hill my feet are at last—
The hill that once loomed so far and so hoar;
Let me pause while I count the milestones I have
passed— Let me rest ere I tread the untried paths before.

Far backward among the low hills that I climbed, With Youth's eager feet which scarce seemed to

I discern the fierce loves with glowing hopes timed That stirred in my soul Ambition's desire.

I scan their green graves and read on the stone:
 This love it famished from faith all too great " "This passion it pined too proud to be known " "This friendship grew cold and perished in hate."

I stand on this crest that overlooks all—
Recount the self-struggles endured and fought—
The triumphs that came unbruised by a fall—
The victories won yet were worthless and naught.

'Oh, what have I done?" I demand of my heart—
"What, oh, my soul, are the treasures you've got?"
Along the dim paths I pursued from the start
I count only wrecks all the way to this spot.

The castles all crumbled—dissolved in the air,
The arches and pillars all toppled and fell,
While the hurrying throng passed by with a stare
Or, elate with success, gave the victor's rude yell

Alone here I stand pict'ring palaces lost;
My eyes brim with tears of deathless regret;
My lips tremble with the prayers that it cost
To teach a stern will what a life may beget.

For each silver thread that shimmers my hair— For each furrow laid on my once fair brow, There's a hurt on the heart no hand can repair A wound, though closed, pains the still soul be

From this high hill I look down on the way
That leads to the Valley of Slumber and Rest;
One lingering look: "Adieu, Past!" I say—
One pang of regret and I pass from the crest.

Typical Women.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

IF not a "typical woman" in the sense of great achievement or an exciting life, this lady occupies so distinguished a place in society and has so fair a literary reputation as to render a personal sketch eminently proper. While the South claims her with peculiar pride, as one of its most beautiful and accomplished daughters, in the North she is widely known and appreciated both for her social and literar

merits.

Her father was Mr. John Griffith, a gentleman of elegant culture and literary tastes. He was the author of poems and tales, some of which were popular Indian stories and published in annuals, and of compilations of English history. He was the brother of William T. Griffith, one of the most eminent lawyers at the Mississippi bar. Rosa's mother was Miss Abercrombie, the daughter of Rev. Dr. James Abercrombie, an Episcopal clergyman, whose memory is much revered in Philadelphia and other parts of the United States.

Rosa was born at Natchez, Miss. Her mother, who was a beautiful and accomplished woman, died young, leaving four children. Rosa was adopted by her maternal aunt, Mrs. Vertner, who took her to a beautiful place owned by her, a country home called "Burlington," near Port Gibson, Miss. The influence of early associations was such as to foster genius and refined poetic taste; and Rosa, with the most tender training, had the advantage of the instruction best fitted to develop her talents. Her affection for this charming place was avareassed in the poem. "My Childhood's Her father was Mr. John Griffith, a gentle

talents. Her affection for this charming p was expressed in the poem, "My Childho

At ten years of age she was taken to Lexington, Kentucky, for the purpose of completing her education at the celebrated seminary under charge of Bishop Smith. Her father superintended her studies.

She was married, at seventeen, to Mr. Claude M. Johnson a centleman of fortune and ele-

She was married, at seventeen, to Mr. Claude M. Johnson, a gentleman of fortune and elevated character. They made their residence in Lexington, and during part of the year upon Mr. Johnston's plantation in Louisiana.

One of her friends thus describes her appearance at this or a subsequent period:

"She was one of the most beautiful women I ever knew. Her head and face were perfect as a Greek Hebe. She is large and full, with a magnificent bust and arm; eyes real violet

as a Greek Hebe. She is large and full, with a magnificent bust and arm: eyes real violet blue; mouth exquisite, with the reddest lips and perfect features; hair dark brown, glossy, curling and waving over a nobly-proportioned brow. She is bright, gay, joyous, and perfectly unaffected in manner; full of fun and even practical jokes, and with the merriest langh."

laugh."
The death of Mr. Johnson left her alone with four young children. In 1850 she began to contribute to the Louisville Journal, edited by George D. Prentice. A number of her poer appeared in that paper, and she was at the sar time a contributor to other journals. In 1857 the first volume of her poems was published by Ticknor & Fields, in Boston. The book elicited the warmest tribute from the press, and at once secured for its author high rank as a poet in American literature. The hero poet, Theodore

O'Hara, wrote of her: O'Hara, wrote of her:

"Nature, as if to illustrate the munificence of her bounty, has bestowed on Mrs. Johnson, in addition to great personal beauty, gentleness of disposition, vast fortune, and all the joys of domestic life, the lofty attributes of genius. There is scarcely a line which does not breathe the inventories of true poetry. There is no There is scarcely a line which does not breathe the inspiration of true poetry. There is no pretension, no straining after effect, no stilted phraseology, seeking in its pompous flow to dignify by mere drapery trivial, commonplace impressions—but a genuine outpouring of that exquisite sensibility which gives to the occur-rences of daily life the faccination of represenrences of daily life the fascination of romance. We have seldom seen developed in a higher degree that subtle power which clothes with degree that subtle power which clothes with a mantle of tenderness and beauty every object it touches. Memory and imagination mingle their trophies in the lovely pictures which she paints; and so faultless is the skill with which they are blended, that some of these poems seem an exquisite tissue of interwoven light and shade. The style is easy and glowing; the and snade. The style is easy and glowing; the language chosen with exquisite taste, or rather it seems but an atmosphere of the thought it envelops. The imagery is striking and appropriate, and always perfect in its analogy. The sentiment is tender and noble, reflecting in beautiful harmony the radiance of intellect with the cheering warmth of these with the cheering warmth of true we

The Sunset City" a critic described as " magnificent specimen of descriptive poetry. Every line seems to glow with brilliant gems." "The Frozen Ship" exhibits the highest order of poetic merit; abounding in graphic descrip-tion, in delicate tenderness of expression and of sentiment.

beauty of sentiment.

Mrs. Johnson resided with her adopted parents till her marriage with Mr. Alexander Jeffrey, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, descended of a noble family, and celebrated for scientific and literary attainments.

In 1864 Mrs. Jeffrey published through Sheldon and Company, New York, a novel entitled "Woodburn." The scenes were laid at the South, and there were many fine pictures of its sunny landscapes. The characters are cleverly drawn; the style is clear, compact and animated.

Other novels and poems appeared in succession from her pen. "Florence Vale," a poem; "Daisy Dare," and "Baby Power," were charming. This new volume was published in Philadelphia, splendidly illustrated, with an exquisite photograph of the author. The following brief extract will go home to the sympathies of all mothers:

BABY POWER.

BABY POWER.

Six little feet to cover,
Six little hands to fill,
Tumbling out in the clover,
Stumbling over the sill.

Six little stockings ripping,
Six little stockings ripping,
Six little stockings ripping,
Skirts, shirts and aprons torn;
Bugs and bumble-bees catching,
Heedless of bites and stings;
Walls and furniture scratching,
Twisting off buttons and strings.
Into the sugar and flour,
Into the sugar and flour,
Into the salt and meal,
Their royal, baby power
All through the house we feel!
Behind the big stove creeping,
To steal the kindling-wood;
Into the cupboard peeping,
To hunt for "somesin dood."
The dogs they tease to snarling,
The chickens know no rest:
Yet the old cook calls them "darling,"
And loves each one "the best."

These beautiful poems have become so widely popular as to be almost "household words." They have endeared their author to all South They have endeared their author to all Southern readers. Her charming qualities of character, her brilliant powers of fascinating conversation, and the evidences of a pure, noble and generous nature, have made her an admired leader in the circles in which she moves. Her portrait adorns the "Queens of American Society," with a very brief sketch.

Her portrait adorns the "Queens of American Society," with a very brief sketch.

Enumerating the poems of Mrs. Jeffrey, exhibiting the highest powers of thought and imagination, the editor of the Louisville Journal noticed "the magnificent poem of 'The First Eclipse,' and that noble lay, 'The Frozen Ship,' worthy to rank as the sequel and complement of the 'Ancient Mariner.' Whenever she has essayed these loftier paths, she has trodden them with signal ease and success. If her course has turned more frequently and kindly to lighter themes, it has been owing mainly to the genial and sunny temper of her spirit, not to any lack of warmth or energy in her genius. She possesses latent force and fire enough to scale the giddiest hights of poetry with matchless grace.

scale the gludiest lights of poerly less grace.

"Her poetry is the simple exhibition of the untold riches of her soul, rather than the coining of her subtlety. It is the free, unfettered outgrowth of her nature. Her bright and lofty intuitions, her superb repose, her breathing grace, her seraphic loveliness, her elevation, passion, purity, and incomparable sweetness, are all reflected in its pictured depths. Her poetry is the essence of herself; and she is the incarnation of her poetry. Both are as beautiful as dreams of heaven."

ful as dreams of heaven."

"Her favorite themes," says another critic,
"relate to the beautiful and noble, and always
display her wealth of thought and depth of feeling. The buoyancy of her spirit, her elasticity
of temperament and freshness of feeling, are
conspicuous throughout the whole of her verse,
and throw a peculiar light and grace over her
clear and classic productions. She has an artistic and noble sympathy with the beautiful in
nature, a pure intelligence of the true mission
of Art as its interpreter, with an elevated purity
of taste, emanating from her fine instincts. Her
dominant, impetuous spirit asserts its individuof taste, emanating from her fine instincts. Her dominant, impetuous spirit asserts its individuality in each of her glowing effusions, marked as they are by a superb scorn of all meanness, and by the predominating impulses of an ardent, imaginative, high-souled woman. The elegant movement of her verse is a separate excellence. Her style is adapted to her themes, and varies readily with each of her changing moods. There is about it a captivating abandon which is in happy accordance with her ethereal and playful fancy."

And to her Mr. Prentice addressed one of his most charming tributes of poesy, from which we quote:

And thou hast that strange gift,
The gift of genius, high and proud and strong,
At whose behest thoughts beautiful and swift
Around thee throng.

They come to thee from far, From air and earth and ocean's boundless deeps.
They rush in glory from each shining star
On heaven's blue steeps.

They leap from earth's far bound,
Forth from the red volcano's depths they start
From bow and cloud they float, and gather round
Thy burning heart.

Then at thy high command
They stand all marshaled in thy peerless lay,
As some great warrior marshals his proud band.
In bright array.

Thy hand has power to trace Words as enduring as yon planet's flame, Words that forever, 'mid our changing race, Will keep thy name."

Pretty and Proud: THE GOLD-BUG OF FR'ISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRA BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUA-KERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE." 'WHERE shall I fly?" cried Mercedes, darting to a door which opened into a back room.
used as a kitchen by Diego's mother.
At that instant the frail front door yielded to

the pressure applied and four men rushed into the little sitting-room. With a faint scream Mercedes fled to the outer door of the kitchen; but when she opened it a policeman stood there and she shrunk back

She could not reach the staircase, for it opened out of the sitting-room; so she stood there, trembling until the officer pushed her by the shoulders into the parlor, saying to Alex-

Here is your wife." "Yes, in pretty company, too! Curse it Brant, is this the sort of woman you foisted or me?—runs away from her lawful husband to

me!—runs away from her lawful husband to stay in the same house with a man who isn't her husband! Ha, ha, ha!" Lord Henry had sprung to his feet when the knock was heard. He stood by his chair confronting the intruders, yet quite helpless to protect the lady, since the only weapon he had, a small pistol, was up-stairs under his pil-low

He never knew, until that moment, that he vas a man. He had doubted his courage and despised himself when he realized how timid he elt about the false position Mercedes was in. But when the man stood before him who had come to tear her away—when he heard the coarse insinuations of that man—there was first tiger of jealousy raging within him, and cond, a lion of noble rage at hearing the wo

man he loved insulted. nan he loved insulted.

"Take care," he cried, in a voice low from he very intense concentration of his passion. I shall protect this young lady from such insults. I am unarmed at present, sir; but you annot hope to live very long if you dare to alumniate this lady."

"I shall do what I please with my own!" was a proclaim reply. "These officers will see

the insolent reply. "These officers will see that I am secure in my legal right to claim pos-session of my wife."

session of my wife."

"Your wife is quite willing to go without compulsion whenever you demand," spoke up Maraquita, stepping up before Alexander, and looking full in his face. "I am your wife. You know it. There was a ceremony legally performed by Father Ignatius, which made me your wife. He is deceiving you," she added, to the officers. "It was I he married. Beware that you do not become parties to a crime."

"Get out of my way!" said the gold-bug, with an oath, and, in his fury, he struck Maraquita a stinging blow on the cheek.

"Bill, it would have been better for you not to have done that," she muttered; but he did not hear her—did not care; he had advanced and sought to take Mercedes by the arm, but she sprung behind Lord Henry, and put her hand to her bosom! Brant had said nothing yet, but stood looking

on with a savage smile.
"Go home with your husband, you hussy!" he now shouted.

"He is not my husband, father."
"What is that other fellow to you, that you should get behind him?"
Mercedes blushed. Mercedes blushed.

Lord Henry turned himself partly around and looked tenderly at her; then he faced the others again. No hesitation, no shrinking now; "I am one who hopes, some day, to be so fortunate as to be her true and loving husband. You are her father, sir. Let me say a word to you. I met your daughter at Miss Silverman's, and loved her. I had no chance to tell her so, for you came for her that night of our first meeting. I went back to England unable to see meeting. I went back to England unable to see her again. But I could not forget her. Learn-ing that she was somewhere in California, I traveled over seas and mountains in the hope of

ing that she was somewhere in Califorma, I traveled over seas and mountains in the hope of finding her and telling her that she was the one woman in the world to me. I reached the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, the day before you arrived there with your daughter. My room adjoined yours, and Poverheard, through the open transom, enough of your conversation to convince me that the lady I loved—to save whom from the slightest shadow of shame or grief I would give my life—was about to be forced into a union unutterably hateful to her. I resolved to offer my aid to escape from the danger. I assisted her in getting away, and Maraquita, here, found a place of concealment. When I aided her flight from the hotel, I expected to quit her the first moment she was safe; but a wound in the head, from one of the pistols you fired after us, disabled me, so that I have been kept here under the care of Maraquita and Mrs. Lopez. Being now well enough to go, I had made my plans to leave day after to-morrow. I have not even—until this moment—told your daughter that I loved her. Her circumstances were such as to demand prudence and retires on my part. I tell you pow Her circumstances were such as to demand pru-dence and patience on my part. I tell you now, sir, that I choose her for my wife, if she will do me the grace to have me. Perhaps you know who I am—Henry, only son of the Earl of Es-sex. I have lived an honorable life, and if you

sex. I have lived an honorable life, and if you will consider my claims, you will find me, perhaps, as worthy of your daughter's hand as any man can be of so priceless a gift."

"You are too late, my lord," sneered Alexander, without waiting for Brant to frame a reply. "The lady you are so kind as to admire is already my wife. It will be for the interest of all that you permit her to depart with me, without more words."

out more words."

"I am not and never will be his wife," reiterated Mercedes, appealing to the police officer.

"Maraquita took my place before the altar.

It was a deception I had to practice in self-deception."

"It seems to be a mixed-up affair," remarked the officer of police. "If the lady don't care for you, Alexander, why don't you let her go? 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

"I didn't ask you for your advice, Robbins.

I brought you here to help me in securing my rights. Dash you! if you don't do it, I'll see to you are dismissed from the force before the

"Well, so be it. Come on, young lady. You must go with your husband. Girl, bring her a hawl an' bonnet, will you?" The four intruders advanced to seize one poor.

weak girl.

"Brave men!" cried Lord Henry, keeping himself between Mercedes and them.

"Stand out of my way," snarled the goldbug. "I only want a good excuse for shooting you like a dog." His revolver was in his hand, his thin gray face looked wicked and reckless. Lord Henry did not blanch.

"Stand out of my way!"

"Do not touch the lady!"

The two men eyed each other. The colder blood of the Englishman was warmed, thoroughly. His steel-blue eyes shot sparks of fire. The Californian raised his weapon. Swiftly, unexpectedly, lighter than a cat, my lord unexpectedly, lighter than a cat, my lord prung upon him, with a left-handed blow in he stomach of his adversary which laid the lat-er flat, while the revolver flew ten feet away. Lord Henry pounced upon it, before the other Swearing a big oath, Ben Brant fired at the Englishman; but the pistol snapped without do

ing any injury.
"My quarrel is not with you," Lord Henry

And then a pair of arms went about Ben's neck, nearly strangling him; he could not tear them away; they clung like a wildcat's. "Father, don't shoot! If you kill him, you kill

me!"
"Let go of me, you little wench! Here, Robbins, take her off!"
"Father, I love him! I love him!"
"Don't shoot!—there's no sense in your laying yourself liable to the charge of manslaughter, Brant," cried the officer, pulling the soft white arms of the girl from around her father's neck. "Don't get into a scrape that you will be sorry for—don't! Come, I'll take the young lady along. There need be no further trouble." He kept his rough hand on the tender shoulder of

for—don't! Come, I'll take the young lady along. There need be no further trouble." He kept his rough hand on the tender shoulder of Mercedes. "Come along with that shawl an' bonnet," he continued, to Maraquita.

By this time Alexander was on his feet again. He had lost his revolver—that was in the hands of the enemy—but, mad and blind with fury and hatred, he drew a common jack-knife from his pocket, opened a blade, and rushed at the young man who had once repulsed him.

"Stand back!" shouted the latter, in a warning voice.

ing voice.

"It's your life or mine," panted the gold-bug, between his clenched teeth.

But the grim mouth of the weapon pointed at his heart. For half a second the two antagonists looked each other in the eye. Even then Lord Henry was sufficiently cool to reflect upon the folly of wanton murder; neither did he wish to injure this man unnecessarily; but he was

o injure this man unnecessarily; but he was letermined to defend himself.
"I call upon you, officers of the law, to observe that I act solely in self-defense," he said,

Brant half dropped his leveled pistol to watch those two; the straining eyes of Mercedes, as she shrunk from the heavy hand of Robbins, were fixed upon them, wide-dilated with dread; Maraquita, her blooming face grown yellow and shrunk as an autumn leaf, also gazed at them sternly. The mark of her lover's hand was pur-ple along one side of her cheek, and she made no

effort to aid nim.

It had been a close, sultry August day; and the evening also had been still and hot; the usual sea-fog and cold sea-air seemed not to have come to the relief of oppressed humanity; in that little room the atmosphere was suffocatng, but its occupants had something to think of esides the heat.

Alexander came closer; he was evidently watching an opportunity to make a thrust, at the same time that he was on guard against sur-orise, after that first lesson. The officers should have interfered, yet were

The officers should have interfered, yet were themselves fascinated, as men will ever be, by the exciting display of passions that had gone beyond all mastery. Instead of thrusting themselves between the two combatants, they hung beyond all mastery. Instead of thrusting them-selves between the two combatants, they hung with breathless interest upon the gray face, the scowling brows, the glowing eyes and lips drawn away from the glistening white teeth of the

Californian.

They silently wondered if he would spring, with that glittering weapon aimed steadily by a hand of steel. Brant was alarmed. He was certain that his

iend would be killed. The first movement ade was his again raising his own arm to shoot he Englishman in Alexander's defense. One of his charges had failed him; but the others pro-

bably would not.

All were so intent upon the two that no one

saw him point his weapon at Lord Henry. Not that he cared to kill him, but that he would not see his friend endangered. His finger on the trigger, his aim exact—he fired.

This time the charge was all right—no fizzling

Even at the very instant his revolver was discharged, something strange occurred. The lit-tle house shivered. There was a sort of low murmur and throbbing of the hitherto lifeless

The floor moved under the feet of Ben Brant as he pulled the trigger, so that the shot which should have gone to the heart of the man it was intended for took an oblique impulse, entering the wall several inches above his head.

"An earthquake! an earthquake!" screamed

Diego's mother. Again there was a low grumble and grinding of the earth; the house shook more violently

than before: the sash rattled. Maraquita sprung to catch the lamp, but it tumbled to the floor, broke, and spread the fiery oil in every direction; a picture of the Holy Family fell with a crash; the door flew open, and fortunate was it that it did, for if it had, as

and fortunate was it that it did, for if it had, as often happens, become firmly closed from a sinking of the frame, they might all have been burned together.

A large spatter of the blazing oil fell on Alexander's hand. His fury was no match for that of the elements. To perish in a burning house was not an inviting prospect. He made a rush, with the others, for the street. The earth continued to rise and fall with a sickening, frightful swell beneath their feet. The air was full of dust; the lamps along the way had been extinguished by lamps along the way had been extinguished by the shock; people were running about, children

Mercedes, giddy and frightened, reached the

mercedes, grady and frightened, reached the middle of the street and stood there in the darkness and the crowd of people.

A warm hand laid hold of her little cold one.

"Come, let us lose no time! Providence has interfered in our behalf. Come, come, my

It was Lord Henry's voice, eager and thrilling with gladness, through all the terror of the moment. He had never before spoken to her with that abandonment to his love and tenderness, and her heart responded with a great throb of joy.

"Where are you taking me?"
"I do not know. It matters not. Away from

But the fiery heart of the earth was rent with a still fiercer pang; Mercedes, clinging confidingly to the hand of the one she trusted, was thrown down; but she struggled up again, feel-ing sick and strange, and the two staggered on, while the light of the burning house arose behind them.

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

MISS SILVERMAN lingered in the luxurious
drawing-room of her house, all alone, but happy—happier than she had been since she was girl of sixteen, and still, not free from gnaw ng care.
Would she ever be free from that?

To-night she put it away—would not remember that she had it—would not open the door of the closet which hid the skeleton—would not remember the dull pain always feeding on her

member the dull pain always feeding on her proud spirit.

She was happy. And she enjoyed her happiness all the more from its being so rare a thing. As she walked up and down the long, lighted room—sweet with quantities of flowers, delightful with bric-a-brae, rich with pictures and pleasant with sumptuous furniture—the bloom of her girlhood was on her fine face. The coy gladness of one about to become a bride flushed her cheeks and shone in her lustrous, midnight er cheeks and shone in her lustrous, midnight

tel. It was the first day of September; they were to be married on the third. The wedding was to be very quiet; the summer wanderers were not returned, as the weather was still warm; and Esther preferred surprising her friends by the news of her marriage, after the ceremony was over, to giving a great recep

tion.
Yes, she was very happy! She would not think about other matters. With a wave of her slender white hand she consigned the possible rack to its limbo. She was going to be married to a gentleman worthy of her; then she would go with him across the seas, and all these lifeling troubles of hers would be left behind. Happy, happy at last!
Mercedes was up-stairs, asleep, like a little child once more, in her own room. She had been up to steal a look at her once since the earl went away, a half-hour ago.

went away, a half-hour ago.

Just a week ago that day she had been sur-prised—and still she was always expecting it!— by the return of her darling.

Pale, weary, grave, and yet bright as a star with a still light of her own, Mercedes had come back! Lord Henry was with her. She had traveled under his care from San Francisc or from the station nearest Alameda, where they had taken the cars the night of the earth quake. Henry and Mercedes were betrothed lovers now. Not that they expected to marry for some time. That California matter should be settled beyond dispute before they talked of marriage; but the understanding between them was complete, and they were content and hope-ful

Esther knew the whole story. She recalled Brant's threatening letter. She felt that he would soon be on to New York with the purpose of making trouble. Yet she hardly thought he would follow immediately. It would take him a few days to make sure that Mercedes had left California. Meantime, Esther would be married, and sail for England, taking her niece with her. Once safe, with the Atlantic between them, she did not believe Ben Brant would per secute either of them any further. He would doubtless reflect that an earl's son was as good a parti for his daughter as a bonanza king

Esther knew that it was not impossible for Brant to arrive any hour, as ugly and obstinate as ever. But, she put the thought aside. There was a fascination about being hopeful and happy: why should she torment herself with

appy: why should say ague fears?
Even if Brant did come and did threaten,
Even if Brant do? Have her arrested for a what would he do? Have her arrested for a murder, committed while she was temporarily insane, eighteen years ago? Ah! that made her shudder! Not that she anticipated the law would hang, or imprison for life, a woman of her position, who had done the deed in a moment of actual madness, not even knowing or remembering—except in the vaguest way—that

It was not fear of punishment by rope or cell that made this haughty woman quail. No. It was the far more terrible prospect of the betrayal, before the whole world, of that folly of hers and her dead sister's—those secret marri-ages to unfit men—which had killed her sister made her a murderess, and driven their father

an earlier grave.
Could she *live* and have the earl told of that? Could she acknowledge that vagabond who went under the assumed name of Brant her sis-ser's husband and the father of that beautiful niece on whom she had lavished all treasures of culture and position? Could the cold public b made to realize that, in his youth, this roug miner had been handsome and pleasing to girl's eye, with a certain jaunty grace and af-fectation of refinement which had since been lost in his rude struggle with life in a new

It was these things which would be a thousand times bitterer than death.

Esther, with a joyous inner consciousness that Fate could have nothing so cruel in store for her, paced up and down the long breadth of velvet carpet, humming the words of a lovesong, too happy, in too exalted a state of mind, to feel the drowsy spells of sleep.

Machietopheles set nydding and paraging in Mephistopheles sat, nodding and napping in the hall. He was in a splendid good-humor with himself and everybody else. The sweet

young missa was home again; Miss Silverman was going to marry an earl; an' the young lord, he reckoned, wouldn't be long in following his father's example, and shining up to Missa Mercedes. So he nodded complacently, dreaming of wedding-cake, until a sharp pull at the bell-handle roused him from pleasant musings.

That sharp ring aroused Esther from her sweet dreams, also. It struck harshly into her song and silenced it. It was like hearing one's death-bell toll. She put her hand to her heart, standing still, waiting. The factotum came in with a card; he looked solemn as an owl, as he handed it to his mistress. He had known of that person being admitted at a late hour once before, and that his mistress had had trouble with the fellow; he had been ill after it; and young missa had gone off very mysteriously.

ously. He watched Miss Silverman's countenance anxiously while she looked at the name on the card; and when she raised her dark, startled eyes and fixed them on his with an expression of hopeless terror, he shook his head deprecatingly, as much as to say—"Don't have nothing to do with a low personage like that, my honored mistress."

ored mistress."

"I must. I must see him again!"

"Ef you don't like to, don't you do it, madame! He sha'an't come in, ef you don't want to see him."

"Mephistopheles, I believe this is killing me. Oh, heaven! how happy I was only a moment ago! And now—"

ago! And now—"
"Can I do anything?" asked the old servant,
wistfully. "Kick him down the steps, or call wistfully. "Kick him down the steps, or call the police?"
"No, no, no! This person has it in his power

"No, no, no! This person has it in his power to injure me. I can only manage him by coaxing him. Admit him, and be civil to him, Mephistopheles. It is necessary."

The servant went away reluctantly; the next minute Brant entered the drawing-room, banging the door behind him, and marched up before its haughty mistress. He was dressed up this time. His face was shaved, his hair closecut, he wore a rich suit of broadcloth, with a heavy gold watch-chain showing, and kid gloves. neavy gold watch-chain showing, and kid gloves, which fitted him tolerably.

"Is my daughter in this house, Miss Silver-

"Why do you ask?"
"Because I want her to put on her duds and ome with me." Where?

come with me."

"Where?"

"None of your business!"

"But it is my business, Mr. Brant! It is true, she is your daughter. She is also my sister's child, and mine by all that makes a child the person's who rears it. I brought up that child, watched over her infancy, cared for her every day and hour, until you, a stranger to her, who had never given her a night's watching, or paid a dollar for the bread that fed her, or clothing she wore, or the books she studied, came and took her away. Is she most your child or mine? Who made her what she is? Who gave her culture, refinement, all that makes her the lovely girl upon whose charms you would now trade? Oh, for shame! You, who never lost an hour's sleep for her sake, tear her from me, and go deliberately to work to break her heart! You, who are rough and wicked, would fain degrade her to your level! Ah! go away, and leave her in peace with me. See! I kneel to you! I kneel to you, whom once my sister loved and died for, to spare her child. You only make her wretched; why should you trouble her? She will marry so as to do you honor, if you will only leave her to me; she will be grateful to you, and so learn in time to love you. Ah! go away, without trying to injure us, and we

will only leave her to me; she will be grateful to you, and so learn in time to love you. Ah! go away, without trying to injure us, and we will be happy and so will you."

"I can't afford it," answered Brant, with an ugly smile. "Get up off your knees, Miss Silverman; you make me uncomfortable. I can't afford it. What do I care for your lords and fine gentlemen that will always despise me? I wanted my girl to marry a friend of mine—one who had mutual interests with me, and was well able to take care of her—and I made a match between them; and the matter has gone too far now to be canvassed; for she's his wife, too far now to be canvassed; for she's his wife and we've got the documents to prove it. Mercy's acted like a fool. But she must quit it. Alexander's on, with me; and we intend to set-

tle this at once Mercedes affirms that she is not married to

"Mercedes affirms that she is not married to that person."

"Oh yes, she is, as tight as a priest could join them. 'Twas all right, and she as pleasant as buttered parsnips, and going to Fr'isco to meet him, and all smooth and agreeable till she set eyes on that cursed Englishman, in the hotel, and then she was all up in arms against Alexander, pretending it was not her who stood up with him! My lord may be a fancy chap, and a favorite with the ladies; but that hasn't anything to do with the main point. I picked out my daughter's husband. He's one of my kind; and he's lent me money to go and develop my raines: he's lent me money to go and develop my mines; and I'm under obligations to him, and sworn to fight his battles. It's been a mighty inconvenience for me to leave my business to come on here. I ain't in just the humor to be coaxed, you bet your life on that!"

"Hear to reason, Ben Brant! What is this rou would do to your child? You know she is not that man's wife, yet you would aid in placing her in his arms! She can have the ceremony done over if

'twill make her feel any better."

"Make her feel any better."

"Make her feel any better." It will kill her, or she will take her own life before she will submit to the enforced marriage so hateful to her.

Why, she abhors the man." Why, she abhors the man."
"Pah! Didn't she consent to it all—wasn't she married without any protest, and didn't she go down to Fr'isco to meet her husband, accord-

ing to agreement, say?"
"It was all a foolish ruse on her part. Her folly was only a little less than that of mine and folly was only a little less than that of mine and my poor sister's. But, she did it to escape your persecutions. She never dreamed but, at the first avowal of the trick, you would see that she had baffled you, and then, being no longer alone in the mines with you but in a city full of people, you would not dare carry the matter further. Ah, let her alone! Let her sleep in She is worn out with trouble. Let her

be."

"I did not come on here, at a time when every day is worth a little fortune, to be wheedled or cajoled. I came on to make trouble, and I'm bound to make it! Use your influence with Mercedes to reconcile her to Mr. Alexander, and I will keep the peace. He's a nice fellownothing against him—no bad habits—looked up to in Fr'isco—and rich as twenty finified my lords. You have great influence over the girl. If you will, you can induce her to do as I want her to. Get her to go quietly back with us. To satisfy her, we will have the ceremony done over, as I said. It can be done quietly here in this room to-morrow. I shall come here with my friend at ten in the morning. You can select your own parson; we shall be ready if you are. If you send the girl away, or make a fuss in any way, you know what to expect. Nor will it save Mercy. I have in my pocket the certificate of marriage with the names and date, signed by Father Ignatits." I did not come on here, at a time when every signed by Father Ignatius."
"I will think about it," was all Esther could

say. "Think to some purpose or you're a ruined person," returned Brant. "I'm going away now. I sha'n't bother you any more to-night. Only bear this in mind!—I'm in dead earnest. There's been too much fooling."

Mephistopheles, fidgeting in the hall, was much relieved to find the obnoxious visitor relieved by its attay. He showed him out.

making so brief a stay. He showed him out with marked deference, according to his lady's orders to be civil, and shut the door on him with a great deal of pleasure.

Miss Silverman came out into the hall the

next moment.
"Put out the lights. I am going to retire,"

'Put out the light,' and still, 'put out the int, "she murmured to herself, as she crept ip-stairs with weary steps, the old servant boking after her anxiously and noticing her drooping figure.

The glorious harvest moon was shining down

folded on one another.

"We might go away to some remote part of
the world, she and I," she thought; "but, what
would that avail us? My happiness is lost again
-lost forever! I will not see the earl again!
He shall not be dragged into this humiliating,
sickening trouble. He shall return, unfettered,
to bis horse without his comments even brushsickening trouble. He shall return, unfettered, to his home, without his garments even brushing this scandal. I will write him a note, presently, that will end our engagement. But, my doors shall not open to that scoundrel to-morrow. I will find some way to protect my darling. They shall not have her! I will thwart them there! Sooner would I see my beautiful child laid out in her coffin than they should even look at her! They may do as they please about revenging themselves on me. I know what Ben Brant has threatened and what he will do. Very well. I am in his power, as will do. Very well. I am in his power, as he said; but Mercedes is not. I will try not to think of myself. Alas, does Heaven think my punishment has not been severe enough?—that I yet have no right to happiness and peace? No peace—no peace," and a low, tremulous wail, pitiful indeed, came from the ashen lips.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

BONNIE BELLE. BALLAD.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Bonnie Belle, oh, Bonnie Belle,
I have lost thee, rarest maiden!
Where thy tones were wont to swell,
All the air with sweets was laden.
When the twilight heavens blushed—
Love, thy cheeks their hues excelling
From thy lips, their fountain, gushed
Rills of music, trembling, swelling.

When I felt thy song's control, Every care away was taken;
All the music in my soul
At thy spell would ever waken.
Flowers of hope and joy would bloom
In the bosom of thy lover,
Like the dreams of bliss that come

When the weary day is over

How I miss thee, bird of song,
When the twilight flushes brightly,
And the low wind sighs among
Trembling leaves and branches nightly.
More I prized thee, Bonnie Belle,
Than thy music warbled clearly;
Other hearts may love thee well—
None can love thee half so dearly.

Elegant Egbert:

THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE, AUTHOR OF "TIGER DICK," "A HARD CROWD,"
"THE KIDNAPPER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DIE IS CAST!

WHEN Adele and Jack reached Riverside, Egbert and Sibyl were boating on the river, Mrs. Cornish was having her beauty-sleep, and Felix was taking a bath—a luxury in the enjoyment of which he emulated the old Romans, and which was sure to occupy him until dinnertime. Adele employed this respite to regain her composure, and when she met the rest of the household at dinner, only Sibyl noticed any chance in her. Two days later, Jack, who was to be one of

the quartette to practice a mass, sent his regrets and the information that he was suddenly called away from town. Then Sibyl drew the most natural inference, and kept her own counsel. But from the unsophisticated M. Bourdoine Long Jack had learned all about the engage ments, and was, as he would have said, "play

ing his cards fine To Felix Adele was just the gentlest betrothed that ever was. And he accepted it all like a Grand Sultan, never dreaming how much of her

tenderness was remorseful, because there was a battle going on in her mind whether she should sacrifice him to save Egbert. But hardest of all was her intercourse with

her brother.

A great change had come over Egbert. His accustomed almost melancholy gravity had given place to a strange fickleness of temper.

He could scarcely endure to have Sibyl out of his sight. If she were gone but half an hour, he grew restless and almost fretful. When parting with her at night, he clung to her hands as if for the last time; and in the morning he greeted her with a sense of relief that would not be concealed. One night on awaking she

not be concealed. One night on awaking sh found him pacing the lawn beneath her window When, after watching him awhile, she again sought her pillow, her heart swelling with hap piness and love, and on her lips a prayer for guidance in making his life one long summer day, the clock on her mantlepiece chimed

In company with others there was nothing "spoony" about him. He seemed artificially exhilarated, and his ebullitions of wit and his brilliant conversation charmed his hearers. But they were much alone together, and then

he was silent for the most part, or spoke short sentences in a low, almost caressing tone. He would sit holding her hand, and when his eyes ested upon her, it was with a sort of remore All this Adele noticed, and she shuddered at

the thought of Long Jack's threat being carried into effect. But another influence was at work. As she reflected on the ten years she had known Egbert so intimately, and now listened to the noble sentiments he uttered, she began to wonder how she could have entertained for an instent Long Jack's absurd charge.

der how she could have charge.
stant Long Jack's absurd charge.
stant Long Jack's departure she construed as an stant Long Jack's absurd charge.

The gambler's departure she construed as an ignominious flight after the failure of his scheme; and as the first of February approached, bringing the conclusion of the preparations for the marriage, in the absorbing interests of the occasion she almost forgot Long Jack and the anxiety he had caused her.

But the day before the great event Jack made his appearance, and having got her alone in the drawing-room, said:

drawing-room, said:

drawing-room, said:

"Adele, I have given you the time you asked. I am come now for your answer. Understand, if you refuse my terms, the happiness of your brother and his afflanced is wrecked, and you and Felix will be in no better situation. You know the pride underlying his carelessness where any real issue of honor or dishonor is presented. I leave it to you whether he will marry the sister of Egbert Stanhope when he knows the truth. On the other hand, if you accept, no word will pass my lips, and at least two will be happy, the one in her ignorance, the other in happy, the one in her ignorance, the other in ssession of what he most craves on earth,

What is your decision?"

The girl had listened patiently. Now she drew herself to her full hight, and stood before

him.
"Mr. Boardman," she replied, very distinctly, "at our last interview you took me unawares, and I was weak enough to listen to your gross assault on my brother's honor. Since then I assault on my brother's honor. Since then I have had time to reflect and to see him in all his grand manhood. It is to my lasting shame that I ever permitted a shadow of a doubt of him to enter my mind. Sir, you may have the power to wound him, by referring to that which may be a great misfortune, but that you can successfully impact his honor I do not believe may be a great mistortune, out that you can successfully impeach his honor I do not believe—I know that you cannot! While I would do all within reason to spare him pain, I would be untrue to myself and to him to make so disproimpatient of innuendoes, and demands plain impatient of innuendoes, and demands plain portioned a sacrifice as to wreck my life and words."

"Very well, sir. I will be sufficiently pointed

"Adele, you are beside yourself," he cried.
"You may selfishly refuse to shield him, hoping to retain Felix for yourself, in spite of the dishonor; but you cannot discredit the fact that I

You greatly mistake me, if you think I am

"You greatly mistake me, if you think I am actuated by selfish motives. As strange as it may appear to you, I would stake my life on my brother being incapable of what you charge him with. Allow me to pass, if you please."

"But all appearances are in corroboration."

"Then they are mistaken appearances."

"Oh! when will a woman be reasonable! I swear to you it is true. If you do not listen to me I will summon the family this instant and denounce him before them all! You need not be to the trouble of leaving the room, for I shall require your attendance with the rest."

He approached the bell-rope and took it in his hand.

Yes, or no?" he demanded, sternly The girl turned pale and faint, but in a firm roice she said:
"Emphatically and irrevocably—no!"

"Emphatically and irrevocably—no?"
Long Jack gave the bell-rope a violent wrench.
Adele stood breathless.
The door opened, and a servant appeared.
"For the last time!" whispered Jack. "Shall
I say that you want a glass of water?"
"No, sir!" said Adele, disdainfully.
"In heaven's name, reflect!"
Jack was pale as death. The attainment of
his life-object hung in the balance.
"I have reflected. Do your worst."
With dilating nostrils Jack turned to the
waiting servant.

with distant nostris sack turned to the waiting servant.

"Say to Mr. Cornish that I wish to see him and his whole household, including Mr. Stanhope and Monsieur Bourdoine!"

For good or ill, the die was cast!

CHAPTER XIV. YOUR SISTER IS ABOUT TO MARRY A FELON!"
WITH a dizzy sense of suffocation Adele sunk

There was an interval of dead silence. Then the door opened and Felix entered, looking very "Do I understand my servant," he asked,
"that you wish to see—"
"Your whole household, if you please."

"Why, what in the world—"
"I have an announcement to make in which all are vitally concerned."
"Including Mr. Stanhope and Monsieur Bourdoine"

Yes—the last more as a friend of the family.

"Summon Mrs. Cornish and the two gentle-man," said Felix to the servant.
Sibyl entered while he was speaking. At a glance she noticed Adele's agitation.
"What is the matter, dear?" she whispered, going to her side.
"Wait! wait!" said the girl, breathlessly,
woolding the arm Sibyl would have put about

er.
Sibyl looked surprised, and turned her eyes pon Long Jack.
He stood leaning against the mantel, tracing

the pattern of the carpet with the end of his rat-tan. He was very pale, with compressed lips and a gloomy frown.

Felix, seeing that there was something un-pleasant on the carpet, and that Adele was in some way concerned in it, walked straight over to her, sat down beside her, and took her

"Well, little love," he said, in a low tone, yet with the air of one who was ready and able to fight the whole world in her defense, "there is no occasion to look so scared, whatever lies back of this mysterious invocation." Again the girl, more nervously than before

"Wait! wait!"

And she not only withdrew her hand, but started to her feet.

Felix flushed scarlet, and then with slow-coming pallor he turned his eyes upon the gambler.

M. Bourdoine appeared in the doorway, saw at a glance the general discomfiture, paused with his most deprecating bow, and said:

"Mille pardons! Eet is no mistake? Did monsieur summon me?"

"Pray enter, M. Bourdoine," said Felix.

The Frenchman bowed again, glanced once more around the circle, shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly, and walked to a window."

stant she felt the atmosphere of the place. step became a stately march, and in icy tone

What is it, Felix?"

"What is it, Felix?"
"Be seated, please. Doubtless we will all hear presently," replied her son.
Lastly came Egbert.
There was a dreamy half-smile on his face at the moment he opened the door. He stopped instantly, and stood framed in the doorway, stricken with sudden pallor.
Until now he had not here, apprised of Long.

Until now he had not been apprised of Long Jack's return. He had forgotten all about him, or thought him hundreds of miles away. Now the gambler stood glaring at him with almost ferocious malignit It was the day before the culmination of his appiness. Was Fate about to dash the cup

appiness. Was Fate about to rom his lips at the last moment? Every eye was fixed upon his face. He stood like a man brought to bay. With a suppressed cry, Adele glided across the room and slipped her hand through his arm. As plainly as words could have expressed it the

on declared her determination to stand or fall with him Egbert glanced down at her in mute ac-knowledgment, and then advanced steadily

into the room.

Sibyl would have risen and gone to him; but Felix caught her wrist and drew her back into her seat. He had a man's instinctive shrinking

"" "Be seated, Stanhope," he said, essaying his wonted off-hand manner. "Mr. Boardman seems to have something to impart which demands the united wisdom of the family.
"Mr. Boardman, pray proceed. We all at-

"Mr. Boardman, pray proceed. We all attend you."

"My friends," began Long Jack, with a sweeping bow, which included all the Cornishes, and a separate one to M. Bourdoine, which made his ignoring of the Stanhopes all the more marked, "a very painful duty has devolved upon me, but I feel that the claims of hospitality and the ordinary due of humanity prohibit me from silence.

Mr. Cornish, I understand that your sister s on the eve of marriage."
"Yes—well?"
"What do you know of the man she is about

to marry?"
Sibyl started forward, and then sunk back into

Mrs. Cornish's eyes flashed, and beneath her breath she murmured: "What, indeed?" Adele, who had remained standing beside her rother, put her arm about his neck, as if to pro

Egbert never moved a muscle "Eh? What do I know What do I know about him?" repeated Felix, in bewilderment.

Exactly "Why, what should I know about him? What do you know about him?"

"Mr. Cornish, have you noticed nothing pe-culiar about him—nothing which might seem to demand explanation before you receive him into your family, as your sister's husband?"

"Come! come, sir! This is paltering. Every man has his peculiarities. If you know any-

Anguish-stricken Adele bent until her lips

were at her brother's ear, and whispered:
"My darling! my darling!"
Egbert sat like a man of marble. His face
was gray with pallor, and the tense muscles
howed how his soul was racked with pain.
Sibyl rose and hastened toward her lover.
While she was approaching him Felix re-

While she was approaching him, Felix re-blied to Long Jack.
"What business is that of mine? Shall, prescribe habits of dress to all of my riends?"

friends?"

"Before we get through, I apprehend that you will concede that it is a very serious business of yours, and that this is a very peculiar habit of dress."

"No doubt Mr. Stanhope can answer for him-lift" suggested Mrs. Cornish.

"No doubt Mr. Stanhope can answer for himself," suggested Mrs. Cornish.

"No." objected Sibyl, who had now gained her lover's side and put her hand on his shoulder. "I consider it a very impertinent question, and being the person most vitally concerned, I ask Mr. Stanhope not to answer it. Felix, I trust that you do not forget that he is our guest, and as such is entitled to protection from insult under our roof."

She was right royal in her indignant pro-A transient flush came and went in Egbert's marble cheek. But he seemed to shrink from the touch of her hand, and, as Adele had done,

"Wait"

"By Heaven!" cried Felix, starting to his feet," no one shall have just cause to accuse me of disregard of the laws of hospitality! Mr. Boardman, I am no trifler. If you have any charge to bring against my guest, speak at once and in unequivocal terms. And, sir, understand this—if you do not sustain your charge, I will have you thrown out of my house!"

Long Jack smiled quietly. He was not a man to be disturbed by threats.

Baising his long arm and pointing with his

Raising his long arm, and pointing with his finger, as if it were a dagger, he said:

"Look at his face. Is it not written there?
Mr. Cornish, your sister is about to marry a falon!"

lon!"
"You LIE!" Sweeping aside the clinging women, Egbert started from his chair and stood erect before his accuser, as pale as death and quivering in

CHAPTER XV LONG JACK'S DEFEAT.

LONG JACK'S charge and Egbert's unexpected etort created a profound sensation among their

cartled auditors M. Bourdoine leaped to his feet in the wildest xcitement, ejaculating:
"Marbleu! Sang-dieu! Sacr-r-re!"
Adele wrung her hands and moaned piteous-y. Only she knew how terribly Egbert was

Adele wrung her hands and moaned piteously. Only she knew how terribly Egbert was suffering.

Felix was speechless with amazement.

Mrs. Cornish started forward, crying:

"Oh! my child! my poor child!"

She would have clasped Sibyl in her arms, but the girl shook her off, and, with all her queenly pride in erect carriage and flashing eyes, stepped to Egbert's side.

"Sir," she said, "my husband that is to be has rightly stigmatized your foul slander. You have undertaken a thankless task, the motive for which is, I think, clear to me. Egbert Stanhope is not one to be injured by anything a man of your stamp can say. If you can take a hint you will desist from urging this further."

Amid all this excitement Long Jack stood unmoved. Bowing deeply, he replied:

"Madam, I must protect you from dishonor even against your will. You must concede that I have made the charge, not after the manner of a slanderer, but boldly, to his face. If my words are not true, he has the power to produce an overwhelming refutation. Let him remove his glove!"

The gambler hurled the challenge full in Egbert's teeth.

The latter seemed to try to speak, but his tongue refused its office.

"He dare not!" hissed the gambler, triumphorther.

antly.
"He may have reasons—perfectly honorable with your demes—for declining to comply with your de-nand," replied Sibyl, stoutly. "I ask no proof. The man himself is sufficient refutation of your

"I think that an impartial judge," pursued Long Jack, in his cold, even tones, "would consider the man himself, in his present appearance, at least, rather a confirmation of what I have

alleged."
"Why cannot Mr. Stanhope settle the matter by removing his glove?" asked Mrs. Cornish

oldly.

"Mother, that is unworthy of you!" exclaimed her daughter, flushing to the temples. "After I have proclaimed my confidence in a man by giving my whole life into his keeping, shall I so far forget my own self-respect as to ask him to clear himself from the charge of

Hers was a royal dignity—a grand loyalty! But Mrs. Cornish was one not easily impresse of lofty sentiments.
"I think that it is due to you and to all of us that he place himself above reproach without being asked," she replied, looking at Egbert sus-piciously. "I am sure, it is a very simple mat-

Felix had thus far stood irresolute. Long Jack's boldness and Egbert's embarrassment had naturally begun to shake his faith.

"I must say that I can see no objection to it.
While delicacy might deter us from asking it,
t would seem due to the gentleman himself to
refute a charge so heldly made."

twould seem due to the gentleman himself to efute a charge so boldly made."

M. Bourdoine looked his expectation. He would not run the risk of offending his pupil, by openly siding against her betrothed. But he was clearly of Felix's opinion.

Sibyl turned and threw her arms about Eg-

"My darling," she whispered, "you see that my faith is not shaken. And I would spare you that act and those words Adele worshiped

the trusting woman.

Egbert drew the clinging arms from about his neck. Long he gazed into the face, every line of which bespoke love and confidence, while a terrible struggle went forward in his

oreast.

Presently he spoke.

"Sibyl, after what has transpired, can you live with me day after day, never seeing my hand, never receiving one word of explanation and vet trust me?

"But will not an ever-visible mystery prey upon your mind?"
"If my husband had a secret sorrow, I might wish to know it, so that I might console him," said the girl, truthfully; "but my mind could never be a prey to idle curiosity. Why, has not Adele lived with you and loved you! She could not feel toward you as she does, if you were not all that is grand and noble!"

At that a great light and a great tenderness came-into Egbert Stanhope's face. He turned toward his sister with a gratitude that was beyond and above words. "But will not an ever-visible mystery prey

A murmuring cry escaped the girl's lips. She eaped forward and nestled within his encircling I have much to thank God for in the love of two such women!" said Egbert.

Then gazing earnestly in his sister's face, he

went on:
"But my Adele knows no more of the mystery of my life than do you."

A look of surprise flashed across Sibyl's face.
Then she said, triumphantly: "And yet she has trusted you! Why not I? Egbert, let your life be your vindication to

By Heaven! I will!" cried Egbert, with sud-

den resolve.

He caught her to his heart, kissed her brow, and put her away.

Advancing to Felix without so much as a glance at Long Jack, he said:

"My friend, I will satisfy you, and your friends will doubtless be content to rely on your word. But as I do not care to have bruited about that in which no one has any concern, I must first require from you a promise that you must first require from you a promise that you will never reveal what you shall see." Impulsive Felix grasped his friend's hand with

"Stanhope," he said, "you are coming out like a man, as I knew you would. If I alone were concerned, I would show you that I could be as generous as Sibyl. I give you the promise with all my heart."

For the first time Long Jack looked ill at ease, so the two continues will add off to a window.

as the two gentlemen walked off to a window at the further end of the room, and stood with their backs toward the company. "By what infernal jugglery is he about to gull that blockhead?" he muttered, below his

breath.

Mrs. Cornish looked after the gentlemen sus-

piciously.

The two girls were clasped in each other's arms, and were exchanging words of encouragement and endearment.

At the window Egbert drew his pen-knife from his pocket, opened it, inserted the keen point in the finger of his kid glove, and slit it open, exposing the little and third fingers to view.

"There!" he said, fiercely, "would you have me show that to the woman who is to be my

The skin had that purple discoloration often

The skin had that purple discoloration often noticed in birthmarks.

The hand quivered like an aspen. The man grasped the exposed fingers in his other hand, as if to hide them even from his own sight, and shivered from head to foot.

Felix gazed in astonishment. Could so simple a thing as a birthmark cloud this man's whole life? He gazed at the man himself, and noted the exquisite care evidently bestowed on his dress and person—what would have been dandyism but for its perfect good taste. Did this discoloration of the hand wound his æsthetic sense so as to induce this morbid sensitiveness? Felix oo as to induce this morbid sensitiveness? Felix remembered that a club-foot was the curse of Byron's life. But he could not help exclaiming:

Is that all?" "All!" repeated Egbert, as though his whole toul leaped up in arms. "My God! is it not Without reply Felix turned again to the com-

Egbert followed him with his hand thrust into Egbert followed him with his hand thrust into the breast of his coat.

"Mr. Boardman," said Felix, contemptuously, "you are evidently off the track. The sooner you relieve us of your unwelcome company, the more satisfactory it will be to all present."

Jack stood dumbfounded.

"Oh! it is nothing!" cried Sibyl, and threw herself upon her lover's breast. "My darling, I knew—I knew—"

But she broke down, sobbing hysterically

I knew—I knew—"
But she broke down, sobbing hysterically.
"Now let me speak!" cried Adele, anticipating every one else. "I can supply the key to this infamous outrage! Two months ago and again to-day this—gentleman urged me to be his wife, on penalty of exposing my brother, and thus separating not only him and Sibyl, but you and me, Felix. I scorned him as a slanderer, knowing my brother incapable of crime, and this is the carrying out of his threat."
Felix uttered an oath of rage, and rime the

Felix uttered an oath of rage, and rung the Call the hostler, and tell him to bring his

best whip!" he commanded the servant, whose prompt entrance would seem to indicate that she must have been in close vicinity to the key-

"Stop!" cried Long Jack, now finding his voice. "Did he show you his palms?"
"Out upon you, you infamous cur!" cried Felix, not heeding him. "If I had my strength, I would throw you out of the house with my own hand. As it is, if you stay here long enough, you shall feel the weight of a horsewhip—the kind of treatment such a hound deserves!"
Long Jack turned pale with fury.
"My kind host," he said, "you have placed me under obligations to you, by your wise course in this matter; and I always pay my debts, in my own way and time. Now I would not, if I could, prevent this marriage. Go on with it, sir, by all means! When an heir is born to the untarnished name of Stanhope—ha!

an illustrious lineage, on one side at least! Ha! a! ha! My dear sir, once more—adieu!" Long Jack bowed mockingly in the doorway. But M. Bourdeine rushed up to him frantic-

"Sang-dieu!" he cried, "you shall not escape viscout rendering ze satisfaction! Monsieur,

y card!"
And he shook the bit of pasteboard at Long Jack savagely.

"What! fight with such a dog, M. Bourdoine" cried Felix. "Pray, remember that gentlemen do not fight with the intimidators of

Marbleu! shall I stand on etiquette when ze scoundrel has insulted my pupil—my benefactors all? Voila! My card!"

And he shook the card fairly under Long

The gambler seized the wrist of the challenging hand, and stooped until his face was within an inch of M. Bourdoine's, while he glared into his eyes.
"Bah!" he ejaculated, contemptuously, and,

irling the Frenchman from him, passed out of the room, slamming the door The little man was wild at thus being thrust

The little man was wild at thus being thrust aside, as if he were too insignificant to be worthy of notice. He would have rushed after Long Jack, but Felix restrained him.

Meanwhile, one strange feature in this scene was noticeable—Egbert had not resented Jack's assault upon him further than the one outburst in which he gave him the lie. Now he ignored the whole thing, and in an ordinary tone, as far as he could command it invited Sibrit to except as he could command it, invited Sibyl to accompany him in a walk in the open air.

Mrs. Cornish sat with compressed lips, and a look that showed that she at least was not satisfied with the course of events.

The convention of the course of events.

"Felix," she said, "will you give me a few minutes' audience in the library? Our guests will excuse us if, under the circumstances, we leave them to each other's entertainment."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434)

"DID you ever notice what a different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadows?" Indeed we have. Par-sicularly in the case of a pair of black pants, somewhat aged, which will look as clean as a whistle indoors, but out in the sunshine spots will show up as frightfully conspicuous as a piece of custard in a mustache.

WITH "whisky at five cents," and "beer two glasses for five cents," "splendid warm lunch every day from 10 till 2," and with "beer matinees from 2 till 6," it would appear as if drunkenness was placed within easy reach of the masses in Chicago. If our young men grow up sober it can scarcely be because they have not received invitations to be otherwise.

THEY were standing at a window. "In looking outdoors do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and leaves?" asked an elderly gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting. "Yes, sir." "Why does it appear so much brighten at this time." isiting. "Yes, sır." wu hard he next booking down upon the bright sweet face with ender interest. "Because ma has cleaned The elderly gentleman sat down.

WILL YOU REMEMBER ME?

BY HARRY BURNS,

When earthly joys have flown,
And troubles cloud my brow,
I ask, will you be true to me
Then just the same as now?
If burdened o'er with sin,
Will you my faults o'ersee?
Then will you remember
Will you remember
Will you remember me?

When struggling in the toils
Of earthly pain and woe,
When dearest friends of better days
All turn their back and go—
Will one fond heart be true,
Will you the same still be?
Then will you remember,
Will you remember me?

Before life's spark has fled
And I have passed away,
There is one thought within my heart
That I so wish to say:
When death's dark angel comes,
And my poor soul is free,
Then will you remember,
Will you remember me?

The Pirate Prince;

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON
CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIA-MOND DIRK," "THE FLYING YAN-KEE," "WITHOUT A HEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Now that my kind reader can more fully understand how it was that Paul Melville, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, became so suddenly metamorphosed into the famous buccaneer, Rafael the Rover, and why he was betrayed by Luis Ramirez, the second officer of the Curse of the Coast, who had sworn revenge against his young chief, I will proceed with my story, taking up the threads where they have been broken; but first let me explain that, instead of having deserted the island, as was believed by the Americans, the buccaneers had simply sought a refuge in the many caves with which the hills abounded, and the schooner and her crew had gone around to the lee of the island to lay concealed until after the expected visit, or until they were needed, while the carera and small boats had been hauled into coves whose existence would never be suspected by those unacquainted with the peculiarities of the isle. A MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

Had it been the intention of Rafael to divide Had it been the intention of Rafael to divide the crew of the Sea Hawk into separate parties, and thus have his comrades attack them, he could easily have done so, with every show of success, for the buccaneers lay on their arms in the caverns awaiting some signal of attack, and were greatly surprised that the sloop-of-war set sail without a combat; but they trusted in their young commander, whom all there knew to be on board the American vessel, and felt that some pressure he could not avoid caused him to act as he did.

he did.

When the Sea Hawk, after leaving the basin, cruised around the island, to the spot where the schooner had been seen at anchor, with the crew on shore, signals were at once given from the highest cliffs to those on the Curse of the Sea, who were thus guided how to head, and of the whereabouts of the Sea Hawk, and that a landing had been made upon the island under the lee of the precipice.

whereabouts of the Sea Hawk, and that a landing best whip!" he commanded the servant, whose prompt entrance would seem to indicate that she must have been in close vicinity to the keyhole.

"Stop!" cried Long Jack, now finding his voice. "Did he show you his palms?"

"Out upon you, you infamous cur!" cried Felix, not heeding him. "If I had my strength, I would throw you out of the house with my own hand. As it is, if you stay here long enough, you shall feel the weight of a horsewhip—the kind of treatment such a hound deserves!"

Long Jack turned pale with fury.

"My kind host," he said, "you have placed me under obligations to you, by your wise course in this matter; and I always pay my debts, in my own way and time. Now I would not, if I could, prevent this marriage. Go on with it, sir, by all means! When an heir is born to the untarnished name of Stanhope—hal ha! ha!—you shall hear from me again; and it, shall be no flash in the pan then, I promise you! The next descendant of the Cornishes will heve an illustrious lineage, on one side at least! Ha! ha! My dear sir, once more—adieu!"

Long Jack bowed mockingly in the doorway. But M. Bourdeine rushed up to him frantic.

When his gale in comparative safety, while the crew of the Sea Hawk, and that a landing had been made upon the island under the lee of the precipice.

This latter signal Roy Woodbridge did not get in time to prevent his coming close in shore, yet his men were at the guns and prepared for an attack if the boats came upon them; but, as the reader will remember, this attack was not made, owing to the most mysterious and sudden disappearance of Bancroft Edmunds, without whom Midshipman Ramsey dare not give dout whom Mi

and as soon as the storm abated sufficiently the Curse of the Coast again put to sea.

When the Sea Hawk had anchored the second time in the basin, it will be remembered that a dark form glided out of the forecastle hatch and disappeared over the bows into the water, to return, after an absence of some time, the same way, and without having attracted the attention of any of the tired watch who held the deck. This man was Rafael the Rover, who, letting

himself down into the water, swam silently shoreward, and was soon upon the deserted With quick step he walked through the de-rted hamlet, and coming to a tree that grew-ose against the cliff, he ascended it with ease r the distance of thirty feet, and then gave a "Ay, ay—who is it?" asked a bluff voice from the shadow of the cliff, and directly poposite the spot where Rafael stood on the

It is I, guard—Rafael." "Ay, ay, sir—in one minute," and there was a grating sound, and a dark object protruded from a rocky shelf, and the end rested upon the limb of the tree that supported the buccaneer

eer.
It was a plank bridge, and Rafael quickly
rossed it and found himself upon a broad shelf
f rock that wound around the cliff for a short distance to a crevice, at which stood a senti-My father is in the cabie, Pedrez "Yes, senor capitan; but, sainted Virgin! how splendidly you brought the sloop in through the gale," exclaimed the buccaneer guard, ad-

Thanks to the aid of Mad Mand, Pedrez "Yes, senor, her woman's wit prompted her to light the beacon, when none of us men thought of it; but you handled the large craft

well, sir."

"And so did Woodbridge the schooner. I am glad to see you on the alert, Pedrez," and Rafael turned into the fissure in the rock, and after a few steps came to a large cavern, the entrance of which was lighted by a dim lantern.

Entering, he found himself in a large, vaulted chamber, the dome of which sparkled back a thousand jets of light from the score of lanterns that set around on rocky shelves.

that set around on rocky shelves.
Grouped about the large cavern chamber were a number of women and children, and some half a dozen men, the latter either wound

ed or invalids; the remainder of the buccaneers were on duty elsewhere, lying in ambush to attack their foes if the signal should be given.

As Rafael passed through the cavern the crowd sprung to their feet and saluted him—a salute he hurriedly returned and then passed on through an arched doorway, which led him into another cavern—the quarters of the old chief. Reclining upon a cot, and with every appearance of making himself comfortable, the old chief was half asleep when Rafael entered; but

his step awakened him, and he arose quickly, while his face lighted with pleasure.
"Well, boy, you are come—is he in your "He is on his vessel, and that is anchored in the basin. The gale was so severe it drove me in for safety, sir" "You did well, and to-morrow we will entrap them; but why in the fiend's name did you not give the signal of attack to-day?"

"Father, the sloop has two hundred men.
Over a hundred were ashore to-day, while you had but sixty men with which to attack them. If you failed, all was lost, and they could have sent seventy-five more men ashore to aid those on the island, so I decided upon another plan—"

"It is to haunt the vicinity for several days, and then anchor the Sea Hawk off the island, and get Captain Markham to come on shore with me in the cutter, under pretense of teaching him the channel; then you can easily take

ing him the channel; then you can easily take him, and me with him—"
"By Heaven! a good plan! Once let me get him into my power and I haul down the black flag with its red anchor of hope—my hope shall be then a reality—a blood-red realization. Oh God! the glad joy I will feel when that man is face to face with me," and the old man placed his hand quickly upon his side, while his face became deadly pale.

"Ah, I must be careful, or my joy at the hope of revenge will kill me; it will cause this accursed wound to break out. Well, boy, go on; I am listening."

I am listening."
"I have little more to say, sir, except that I am sorry Mad Maud showed herself to-day; but fortunately she gave no sign that would betray

"Yes, I was in terrible suspense when I was told she met the seamen upon the beach; but she does strange things, you know, and must be humored. Thank Heaven she lit the Pilot Beacon to-night; otherwise you could not have gotten in, could you?

"Perhaps not, sir; the danger was great as it was; but, father, I would like to ask your motive in having the American lieutenant seized

to-day?"

"I do not understand you, Rafael."

"Lieutenant Bancroft Edmunds, who commanded the force that landed on the lee of the island, disappeared most mysteriously, and all search for him proving useless, I of course thought you had ordered him captured, and—"

"I did nothing of the kind. Of course I knew of the landing, and saw the men searching the rocks; but I did not know that any of the party were missing."

were missing."
Rafael gazed fixedly into the face of the old
man, and read there no desire to deceive him.
He must look elsewhere for the mystery attending the disappearance of Bancroft Edmunds, and

Then it must be as was believed aboard ship "Then it must be as was believed aboard snip
—that he fell from some rock and was drowned;
but I wish you would have inquiries made, sir,
regarding the young officer; he is a fine fellow,
and I should dislike harm to befall him. Now I must return, and rest assured, in some good way, I shall bring this life we lead to a speedy

'I believe you, boy; but it can end only when my revenge is complete. Be careful that you are not seen returning, and do have a care that you are not suspected and at once strung up to the yard-arm of the sloop, by the very man against whom we seek revenge—curses rest upon him! I will have search made for the missing lieutenant. But, Rafael, I suppose you are ignorant of the fact that the prisoner escaped?"

caped?"
What prisoner, father? There were three doomed, you know?"
"Yes—the thief and the mutineer were shot, as ordered

'And Paul Melville escaped?" asked Rafael, earnestly.
"He certainly did. When Salvador went to

"He certainly did. When Salvador went to bring him out for execution he was gone."

"And the guard?"

"I ordered him shot, but countermanded the order when I knew that one other, who had sailed in the carera, had been on duty up to ten o'clock—I refer to Martin."

"Maledita! that very fellow deserted in Havana. He was evidently bribed to aid him, and deserted to avoid the death he knew he would suffer for his act."

And the traitor doubtless sailed with you.

"No, sir; every man on board the carera I could trust; but has the island been thoroughly searched?

searched?"
"Thoroughly—every cavern and brush—there was a boat missing, a fishing skiff, and he doubtless fled in that; the weather was good and he could easily gain the nearest land; but, never mind now; you must hasten back."
"Yes, and if Paul Melville is not dead I must have care that he does not outwit me. He may have reached Havana and come up on some other American cruiser; but now I must say addies."

Grasping his father's hand Rafael left the cavern and ret urning through the large vaulted chamber said a few pleasant words to those as sembled there, after which, by the same rout he had come, he retraced his way to the beach.

Suddenly a form confronted him. It was Mad Maud.

Mad Maud.

"I have to thank you, Maud, for doing me another great service—in lighting the Pilot Beacon," said Rafael, kindly.

"It was as dark as perdition, and the sea was all chaos—I knew that both you and the schooner must need help; but the girl, what of her?"

"I saw her safely to her uncle in Havana—"

"Sh! I meant not her—the one on shipheard" impatiently said the woman.

board," impatiently said the woman.
"You refer to Miss Markham: she is well, and spoke most kindly of you to-day. She is a noble woman!" said Rafael, earnestly.

ble woman! Said Kalael, earnestly.

"Of course she is—a true woman. Would that my poor girl could have been so too! but I must not think of her now," said the woman, sadly, and then she abruptly added:

"Captain Rafael, you went on board that vessel on account of Mabel Markham—you love her."

her."
Had the darkness not prevented, Mad Maud would have seen that her words struck home, for the man's face flushed crimson: but, before he could reply, she went on:
"From those on the schooner I learned of the capture of the Sunbeam—your release of the vessel because that girl was on board, and your cutting down one who would have fought for

cutting down one who would have fought for beauty and booty—yes, yes, you went on the Sea Hawk on her account, and you must have care that she does not see you dangling to the yard-arm of her father's vessel—a sad sight for her beautiful eyes, a sad blow to her heart, for, Captain Rafael, that girl loves you."

"Nonsense, Maud; she hardly knows me."

"She loves Rafael the Rover, not Paul Melville. I am a woman and can read a woman's heart. Did I not hold converse with her to-day? Was she not nervous all the time, fearing that the schooner would be captured here?

"I tell you, she loves you, not as Paul Melville, but as Rafael the Rover, and she will yet prove that love, for my mad eyes can see far into the future, and I see sorrow and danger ahead for you, proud buccaneer."

ahead for you, proud buccaneer."
"Well, Maud, whatever comes I will meet it.
Now I must say farewell. But, stay; do you know aught of a lieutenant from the sloop, who

Yes, when he went ashore with a searching party. See if you can learn anything regarding nim, and if he is not dead let no harm befall

"Rafael, go not again on that vessel! You are free now; beware!" said Mad Maud, im-

"I do not dread any danger that I cannot meet, Maud; but I thank you for your interest

Entering the water, Rafael the Rover quietly struck out for the Sea Hawk, which, as is already known, he gained in safety.

CHAPTER XXVII. A MYSTERY SOLVED.

WHEN Lieutenant Bancroft Edmunds went off alone for a quiet search of the rocks, leaving his men on the beach, he little knew to what that

expedition would lead him. expedition would lead nim.

By a careful inspection of the ragged front of a low cliff he thought that he could gain a foothold sufficient to crawl to the shelf above, and

there reach a position for further reconnois-

At once he determined to at least make the experiment, and by hard work, and after considerable danger, he accomplished the difficult feat and stood upon the shelf, forty feet above the place from which he had started.

But, from the shelf he could not see his men, and hence could not call them to his aid, should he need assistance, and nothing daunted he con-

But a few steps along the edge of the shelf proved to him that he was in a bad situation for other discoveries, for there were no means of going any further unless he leaped across to a mighty bowlder—a distance of some twelve

Once on that bowlder he could see that he could easily invade the rocky cliff, and, perhaps, by climbs such as he had already accomplished,

gain the interior of the pirate isle.

But the leap was one that was hazardous in the extreme—for the opposite bowlder was not dat, but rounded, sloping down toward the side fronting him, and twelve feet was no small ump, with only a few paces run to give him

mined to make the attempt, and glanced down into the crevice between the two rocks to see where he would alight if he failed to clear the

distance.

"I'll get a plunge in the water; but it runs like a mill-race," he muttered, as he saw the sea pouring through the narrow opening and rushing into the interior of the island.

"Then I don't like that moss on the bowlder—it may be of light growth, and slip under my feet," he continued, as he saw that the top of the rock on the other side of the chasm was covered with a soft moss.

"But risk nothing, gain nothing, so here.

But risk nothing, gain nothing, so here goes!"
Stepping back as far as he could he gave sev-

eral quick steps and took the bound.

A moment he was poised in air, and then came down upon the bowlder; but, as his feet struck the treacherous carpeting of moss it gave way instantly, and he fell heavily, and ere he could save himself, slid into the dark waters, orty feet below.

Down, down he sunk, until he believed there was a current carrying him under, and gave nimself up for lost; but a bold swimmer he put but all his strength, checked his downward dight, and rose slowly to the surface just as his

oreath was nearly gone.

An upward glance showed him that the swift current had carried him far from the place where he had taken the plunge, for above his head towered rocky walls a hundred feet in ight, while he was urged along at an astonish

ingly rapid rate. "I am going landward, and not seaward, thank Heaven!" he muttered, coolly, and then be glanced ahead to see where the winding

stream was carrying him.
On, on, he went for some five minutes, and hen he drifted out of the channel into a little lasin, with sandy beach and wooded hillsides. By an effort he reached the shore, for he saw that the outlet to the basin was through just such a channel as the one by which he had en-tered, and he did not doubt but that it led out to sea again, or into some subterranean cavern, which he had no immediate desire to explore.

"Wall this is most scaluded east."

"Well, this is a most secluded spot. I wonder if I can ever find my way out, or failing in that, if the crew can find me here?
"Why, a thousand buccaneers could hide away here, and a whole fleet surrounding and exploring the island be none the wiser. I have made a creat discovery."

"And one that may cost you dear."

Bancroft Edmunds started and turned quickly, his hand upon his pistol, although he well knew it would be of no service to him after his

Before him, just by the side of a large rock, before him, just by the side of a large rock, stood a young and beautiful girl, clothed rather lancifully, yet in a becoming manner, and in her hand she held a pistol, gold-mounted and long-barreled, which she pointed directly at him, while a look of determination upon her red bouting lips proved that she would use the wearon if necessary.

pon if necessary.

"Have I struck Paradise, that I find an angel here?" said Bancroft, with gallantry, turning his admiring gaze upon the maiden, and not on the threatening muzzle staring him in the face.

"You have struck a shoal that may wreck you, senor," replied the maiden, in tones so serious that they could not but impress the lie. ious that they could not but impress the lis-ener; but he returned, in the same light tone he had just used:

re can certainly be no danger near one You may find to the contrary, senor.

"You may find to the contrary, senor. You are my prisoner!"

"I yield me with the sweetest grace. I was captive ere you spoke the words."

"Senor, you need not jest. I repeat, you are my prisoner. Had you been captured by those in call of my voice your life would have at once been the forfeit. I want not your life on my ands, senor; but if you attempt to escape me, will shoot you down as I would a dog."

Bancroft Edmunds now felt that he was in

the greatest danger, for he knew that the maid-en, from her words, was one of the buccaneer band, who, after all, had not left the island, but

to which was known only to themselves.

Still, in his danger, he could not but admire the cool pluck of his fair captor, and he said:

"I have already told you, fair girl, that I yield myself your prisoner, for, were my pistol of use, I would not use it against a woman, even to save my life.

My sword I have here, and if I meet one ny own sex, I do not hesitate to say that I will not tamely submit."
"But you must. You are in the lion's den

There is no chance for your retreat, except by the channel you came, and you cannot return that way until the tide changes—three hours have comrades near at hand, and-

"Thave comrades near at hand, and—"
"You deceive, yourself; you are half a mile
from where you left your comrades, and they
will never be able to follow you, except they
come as you did, and I do not think that they
will venture that."

"How know you the way I came?"
"I guess at it. You were exploring, slipped nto the stream between those rocky walls, and the current brought you here. I was reading yonder, and when I saw you round the curve, was greatly startled, fearing others followed ou; but I now know that it must have been ac

""

"I will tell you frankly—it was accident that brought me by the way that I came; but tell me, fair girl, how can I leave this spot? for one with your face cannot be cruel enough to bring

ipon me-Wno?" as Bancroft paused.

"Who?" as Bancroft paused.

"The buccaneers!"

"You are right. I belong to their band. In a short while I could call many men to my aid; it is useless for you to think of escape."

"Except with your aid."

"That you shall not have—at least not now. As I told you, I want not your life on my hands; but you are dangerous if free, and I must hold you until the danger is past.

"If the buccaneers behold you, your life will end at once, and I do not wish that—ah, no! I have had enough of bloodshed.

"Promise me that you will make no effort to escape—swear it to me, upon your honor as an officer and a gentleman, that you will remain

officer and a gentleman, that you will remain here until my return, and I will go and prepare hiding-place for you."
"Will you return alone?"

"Ah! I see that you doubt me; but I do not wonder, when my own lips have told you that I "Pardon me; I will not doubt you. I will wait you here."

behind yonder rock; lie down there and you will be safe. I will go and place provisions in a secure retreat I have only lately found; none on the island know of its existence, and there you will be safe, and I will bring you Rio Grande I met Baron Henrique Saville, a

food, until opportunity offers to let you go free. Do you trust me?"

"Yes. You are a noble girl. I will be guided by you in everything, for one so beautiful and innocent-looking cannot be evil at heart."

The maiden blushed and turned quickly away, and disappeared in the bushes growing on the hillside, while Bancroft Edmunds threw himself the trust of the longest het years the rocks and lay down at full length between the rocks, and lay musing upon the strange adventure he had met

In a little more than an hour the maiden re-In a little more than an hour the maiden re-turned, and bidding her prisoner, for he was nothing else, follow her, she led the way up the steep hillside, by out-of-the-way paths, for the distance perhaps of two miles, and then halted in front of a vine-clad cliff—the same which had

en pointed out to Rafael by Mad Maud.
Pulling the swaying vines one side, she pointed to the narrow crevice and motioned to her companion to enter, which he quickly did, and was the next moment followed by her. "Well, this is a secure retreat. indeed," said

Bancroft, as he saw the little cabin, and the walls around it.
Yes; I found it by following a pretty little track from the beach up into these hills. The entrance through the vines would have escaped me then, had I not caught sight of a silk kerchief hanging on the briers, and a close search discovered this place. Here you will be secure, and here are provisions for several days."

"And here you will leave me?"

"And here you will leave me?"
"Yes; but you must make me a promise—nay, swear to me that you will not leave this place unless I lead you from it. On that alone your life depends."

our life depends."
"How long must I remain?" "How long must I remain?"

"That depends upon circumstances—until I can arrange a plan for your escape from the island. Now I will leave you, and go and see the result of the chase. There is a spring of water against the rock, and here are a cot, table and chairs, and also books. I will return tomorrow and tell you about the sloop-of-war and schooner. Remember your oath, senor; adios."

"Hold! tell me your name, please, fair girl?"
"I am called by the buccaneers Pretty Nellie." and the maiden disappeared from the sight.

ie," and the maiden disappeared from the sight of the young officer, who was left alone with his not very pleasant meditations. (To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

SONNET BY HERMAN KARPELS.

Why dost thou, hoary Age, draw near so fast?
Hast thou no resting-place upon the way?
Can naught persuade to make thee long delay
Thy shunned approach? So late Youth's vision past
With hopes uncrowned, that cherished hopes recast
Grow dimmer at thine advent day by day;
While wistful eyes presage, with less'ning ray,
Thee and the shadow that will come at last.
Ah, if thus soon thine honors we must wear
(The noon gone by, how swiftly falls the night!)
Grant to our winter of past spring a share,
In loved ones round us, faces young and bright,
And, when thy snowy fingers touch our hair,
Oh, may our hearts be purer and more white.

Lost Lulu:

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER. BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY, (BUFFALO BILL.)

> CHAPTER XXXVI. A FAMILY SURPRISE.

When the victorious troopers returned to the fort, three days after leaving it, they found that two more graves had been made in the little burying-ground in the motte—the graves of Ida Vincent and Captain Graham.

And by a strange coincidence the two had been placed side by side in death—those two so divided in life, and yet bearing the relationship to each other of man and wife.

After Lieutenant Bolton had made his report to Colonel Decatur, been complimented for the service he had done, and recommended for pro-

service he had done, and recommended for promotion, the baron entered the room of the commandant, who welcomed him most warmly.

"Colonel Decatur, if you will summon your daughter and Lulu, I will make a revelation to you, sir," said the baron, quietly.

With some surprise Colonel Decatur did as he was requested, and the baron said:
"Nearly two years ago, I believe colonel."

"Nearly two years ago, I believe, colonel, you commanded upon the Rio Grande frontier,

where you were wont to have fre with the Mexican guerrilla chief, Cortinas?"
"You are right, sir."
"When ordered from that country to take

command here, you started with your daughter, your nephew, Lieutenant Henry Decatur, and an escort, besides your ambulance and servants; am I right?"

am I right?

"You are."

"Well, when in a lonely part of the country, near a chaparral, you were fired upon and your nephew killed; also you would have lost your life, and all, but for the interference of a young officer, the captain of the Mexican band that attacked you."

"You are right; I owe all to that young offi-cer; but how knew you of this?" demanded Colonel Decatur, in surprise.
"First allow me to ask you some questions, and pardon me if they touch upon the buried past and wound you."
"Go on, baron."
"You were married, now some twenty seven

You were married, now some twenty seven years ago, to a Mexican maiden of rank and wealth?"

"Before a year of wedded life had passed, the Mexicans became very bitter toward Ameri-cans; your wife's brother quarreled with you, and the result was a duel in which he fell by

and the result was a duel in which he fell by your hand, and you were forced to fly from Mexico, leaving your wife behind."
Helen looked both surprised and pained. She had never known that her father had been twice married, nor of this act of his past life, though she knew that he had once spent some

Are you aware what became of your wife? "Yes; she died in giving birth to a child."
"Do you know whether the child lived?"
"I was told that it did not," said the colonel,

adly.
"You were deceived; the child did live, grew to manhood, and became an officer of the Mexican army, and only learned two years ago from an old diary found among his mother's pa pers, who his father was.

By what he at first considered an unfortunate, but afterward a fortunate circumstance, he was ordered to duty with Cortinas, and thereby I was enabled to save the life of my father—the honor of my sister—for I am that

Words cannot portray the scene that followed, and the son and brother was taken to the neart of a father and sister. "You remember the star I gave you, Helen—

one side having a circle of diamonds, the other circle of rubies?" asked the young man, after the greeting was over.
"Yes, I have it here," and Helen quickly

"Yes, I have it here," and Helen quickly brought it forth.

"See here. My mother had my father's likeness put in here, beneath the rubies—her own beneath the diamonds," and touching the star in a peculiar way, the miniatures were revealed—

one the face of a handsome young man in the uni-form of an American officer—the other the face beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired maiden "But, how is it about the letter, Henrique, introducing you as Baron Saville?" asked the

food, until opportunity offers to let you go free. French noble, with whom I became quite well

acquainted.

"After meeting you and Helen in the chaparrals that time, I determined to give up the brigandish life of a Mexican soldier on the Rio Grande, and fearing you would not receive me as one of Cortina's men, I determined to seek you in discretice and browing that Saville set you in disguise, and knowing that Saville sailed for China and India, and would not be heard of for some time, I determined to take his name, and well knowing the American officers on the Rio Grande, I wrote that letter of introduction—for which deceit I hope both my father and sister will forgive me. If I sinned it was to have well between the large of the result o

is which deceit I hope to the sister will forgive me. If I simed it was to know and be loved by them."

"I am only too glad to have found you, my son, and now that I have my two children I am the happiest of men."

"Yes, and I now can understand how it is

that Baron Saville is such a fine frontiersman; but, does Dennis know who you are?" asked

"Oh, yes; I captured him some years ago—saved his life, and ever since he has been my devoted friend. But it was hard work for him to metamor-

"But it was hard work for him to metamorphose me into a baron from Captain Ivan Martino; and all the trail here, from Texas, I had him practicing, calling me Masther Henrique," laughed the young Mexican; "but, there is Dennis calling me now. What is it, Dennis?" he called out from the window.

"Here is a gintleman as says he's afther wantin' ter say yer, sur; he says he's ther skoot that wint with yer afther the jayhawkers."

"Tell him to come in here, Dennis," ordered Colonel Decatur, then he added: "I have a great desire to see and thank that man, after all he has done for the frontier."

The next minute Dennis ushered into the room the strange hunter.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A RESURRECTION.

When the strange hunter entered the room he greeted Ivan Decatur, as I must now call him, in a most friendly manner, and then bow-

ed low to the others.

ed low to the others.

"Sir, I am glad to meet you, and I desire most heartily to thank you for the service you have rendered the border," said Colonel Decatur, advancing toward the stranger.

"Colonel Decatur," said the visitor, in deep, yet musical tones, "as there is now no longer need for this disguise, permit me to unmask!"

A quick movement of the hand, and the wig of long blonde hair and the beard were removed, and there stood before them Death-Trailer, the Fort Scout!

"Great God', has the grave violed up its

Fort Scout!

"Great God! has the grave yielded up its dead?" cried Colonel Decatur, starting back, while Lulu, Helen and Ivan Decatur pressed nearer, a strange look upon their faces.

"No, colonel, the grave never held me, as doubtless Miss Decatur can tell you.

"To be frank with you, until one minute before the platoon fired upon me I believed I was to die—then Dennis whispered to me:

"'There's not the divil of a bullet in any gun; but, fall whin they shoot, an' I'll say to it that yer coom out all right—it's Miss Hilen's orders.'

ders. ders. Of course I obeyed, and the platoon moved away, leaving Dennis and Trapper Dan to bury me; but they buried an empty coffin, while I, mounted on a fine horse, and with arms that your noble daughter procured for me, rode away from the spot where I so nearly lost my

life.

"Once free I determined upon two things—to find what had become of the baron, and to hunt down Ned Doyle's band of jayhawkers. In the latter I succeeded, I am happy to say, while I now see what has become of the baron.

"Through the fair correspondent I had in the fort, and from whom I heard every two weeks, by the kindness of Trapper Dan and Dennis, I know all that has happened of late, and now open my arms to take my darling daughter to my heart."

my heart."

With a happy cry Lulu sprung forward and nestled on her father's broad breast, while Colonel Decatur said, in a voice slightly tremulous:

"God knows, Radcliffe, I am happy as it is, for many hours of sorrow have I had, believing you dead; but to think what sly scamps I had under my own roof! I thought both Helen and Lulu took your death wonderfully cool; and, that confounded Irishman was in the secret, too!

"Well, God bless you all," and Colonel Decatur turned to leave the room.
"Hold on, colonel! I have something else to

"Hold on, colonel! I have something else to say, that I may not appear to have acted wickedly.
"When I left my poor wife (and God forgive me for doing it), I knew not she had a brother; I turned my income, not a large one, it is true, over to her, placing it in the hands, I believed, of an honest man. But I found out in some other matters he was deceiving me, and to hide his crime of not paying my wife the quarterly income, he told me she was dead, and that he had not told me for fear it would grieve me so

income of not paying my whet the quarterly income, he told me she was dead, and that he had not told me for fear it would grieve me so deeply. Strange to say, I believed the rascal, and mourned my wife as dead, until letters, brought me by Trapper Dan, from Miss Helen and Lulu, told me all.

"Now let me clear up another mystery. When I first met the baron here, he was accused of the murder of a man, by whose side he was found by a party of jayhawkers. The name of that man was Bill Berkely—so his comrades called him; but that was not his real name; he was the brother of my poor wife!

"This I found out by the papers I took from him. He fired upon me from an ambush, and missed me; I fired at him and killed him.

"My horse ran off and I went after him, and while gone the baron came up, and there the jayhawkers found him, and fortunately I returned in time to save him; then, by the side of jaynawkers found him, and fortunately I re-turned in time to save him; then, by the side of the dead man, I picked up those letters and trinkets. There were two bundles of old letters —one of them from my wife to her poor mother —the others from me to my wife. The trinkets were little presents I had given her. "Now I can understand how he got them, and why he kept them in the procket with the

and why he kept them in the pocket with letters his sister had written him, and which, all his wanderings, he had clung to as the or

A week after the return of Death-Trailer, th Fort Scout, to his old familiar haunts, eight persons bade farewell forever to Fort Helen, and many were the God-speeds and blessings that followed them on their way from all the

anchor that had connected him with the past.

denizens of that far frontier post.

Those eight were, Colonel Decatur and the two English lawyers—delighted at last in having found the heir to Castle Glyndon; the heir

nimself and his daughter, Lulu; Ivan and Helen Decatur; and Dennis Machone. This party were on their way to England, and upon their arrival there, Castle Glyndon threw wide open its doors to receive them.

And there, in that grand old home, Helen became Lady Radcliffe, and Ivan Decatur claimed as his bride Lulu, once known as the Fort Scout's Ward

THE END.

Scout's Ward.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its won derful curative powers in thousands of cases has felt it his duty to make it known to his suf ering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a lesire to relieve human suffering, I will send, ree of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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lone, Mill May, Maggie by my side, Paddy's the boy, Paddy ball,
De gospel car,
Douglas tender and true,
Dark-eyed Norina,
Dutch onion vender,
Down the river,
El Pluribus Unum,
Parewell song of Enoch
Arden.
Paddy's the boy,
Pretty blue eyed belle,
Susan Jane,
Strangers yet,
She' handsome as a rose,
The Hoolahan Musketeers!
"That's what our papers
say."

Arden, say,"
From Madison to Union square,
That girl across the way,
Traves of a household,
The fisherman's daugh-Happy-go-lucky,
He's such a lovely
waltzer!
Her front name is "HanThree bells, nar,"
Have you seen my sister? I'm the governor's son, lt's funny when you feel, that way, l'm leaving thee in sorrow, etc.

The lass that loves a sailor, Victory at last, Why don't you come and see me, what care I how fair she

m leaving row, etc. be?
Jack's yarn,
Kissing in the moonlight What care 1 a...
What care 1 a...
Walking down Broadway When the band begins to Kiss me quick and go,
"Little Barefoot,"
Lilly Dale,
Little Nannie,
Let me kiss him for his
mother,

Where the band begins
Vering the blue,
Where there's a will
ttere's a way,
We'll roam no more.

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Alma Mater O,
All for her,
An answer to grease the
griddle, Birdie darling,
Angels whisper,
Baby mine; or, the sailor's wife,
Bright-eyed Little Nell
of Narraganset Bay,
Blind orphan boy's lament,
Commence, you darkies
all,
Cushlamachree, CONTENTS OF No. 11.

all, ishlamachree, on't forget the old folks Don't forget the old folks on't make a noise or you'll wake the baby, Darby McGuire, Elleen Mayrone, Farewell, Kathleen, Guess what is is you can have it, Happy are we to-night, I'll meet you in the park, I care not how fortune may yary,

may vary, uliana Phebiana Constantina Brown. Live in my heart and pay no rent,
Let me dream again,
My fan,
New England,
Nora McShane,
Ohl Erin, my country,
Old Grimes,
Oh, see dat angel band,
Over the river,

That gal o' mine,"
That gal o' mine,"
the tar's farewell,
the boys of Kilkenny,
the last rose of summer,
the last rose of summer,
the emigrant's farewell,
Justide down,
Virginia belle,
When these old clothes
were new when these old clothes were new, Who'll have me? When I took our Nance to church, We'd bide a wee, We stand here united, "Yes, or ne."

he good cigar, he convivial man, he buckles on her shoes

The grave of Bonaparte, Three bells, The Newfoundland dog, The lass that loves a

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TOO PHILANTHROPIC.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

- I am impressed with this one fact
 My heart's too warm and tropical,
 It isn't right for one to be
 So pery philanthropical.
 But, what is money, anyway,
 In all its various ranges?
 I make it but to give away—
 Of course in fair exchanges.
- A starving man came to my door
- In coat of many colors,
 And lavishly I gave to him
 Advice worth seven dollars.
 Last night a tramp came in my roon
 With—"Help a hungry brother;"
 I gave him one good solid boot—
 He didn't wait for the other.

- I recognize these charity fairs,
 As is both right and proper,
 And I attend them every time—
 To patronize the supper.
 The needy have upon us claims
 'Most every passing hour;
 I sent to one poor wretch hast night
 Three extra barrels for flour.

- A man asked alms upon the street,
 And in a single minute
 I gladly gave to him my purse—
 Though there was nothing in it.
 My daily study is "the poor;"
 Attention I give duly;
 And in that interest I work—
 The poor is—well, yours truly.
- With usual generosity,
 I gave him half the highway.
 There's not a day goes o'er my head
 But what, in sorrowful tone, sir,
 Some beggar asks me for a loan—
 And then he gets alone, sir.
- The orphan and the widow! oh, Especially the latter!
 Last week she did refuse my hand,
 I don't see what's the matter.
 To every tramp that comes around
 (I seem to get them all, too.)
- I always very freely give— More work than they can fall to.

- And when the halt comes to my door,
 Which happens every day, sir,
 If they can't walk another step
 1 send them all away, sir,
 And when the ragged came around
 Complaining very sore, sir,
 And asking me to give them clothes,
 They found close at the door, sir.
- To see men hungry, wanting food, Indeed, I ne'er could brook it;
 My latchstring's always, always out—
 I'd like to know who took it!
 I seldom shrink from doing good.
 Why, it was but last winter
 I recollect I eyen went
- I recollect I even went And settled with the printer.

Tenting in the North Woods;

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIA-MOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

VII. WOOD LAW .- A DESPERATE DUEL .- DOWN THE

GULF. "Gentlemen," said Abe, with a jolly laugh, as he brought his rifle to bear upon the burly form of Dave Thompson, "the lot of man is peculiar; man ar' a strange animile, an' he kain't

always flourish like a green bay tree. Dave, old boy, I ruther hold over you, don't I'' "Full hand, you bet!" confessed Thompson. "I draw out of this deal." "Here, Larry, my son, go and put a hitch on them critters. I reckon you kin do it," ordered

Abe.

Larry, with a grin upon his face which split his countenance from ear to ear, approached and made the fellows secure. He took especial pains with his compatriot, Black Joe.

"Yees called me a white naygur," he said, "an' yees was going to larrup me wid hick'ry. The sass for the goose is sass for the ganther, Joe, acushla."

The negro only answered by a surly good.

Joe, acushla."

The negro only answered by a surly growl.

"Now that job's done," said Abe, in a pleasant tone. "I can't ask anything better'n that, but I must chide ye, Dave, my boy, fur the redic'lous way in which you cut your stick this mornin'. What did you mean by it?"

"I ain't goin' to talk, you know," was the sulky answer. "I ain't a durned fool."

"Waal, I don't blame ye. It touches a man on the most tender part of his immortal natur' to git beat on a deal like that. It would me, I know, an' I ain't a man that fails to lament over the downfall of poor oppressed humanity.

know, an' I ain't a man that fails to lament over the downfall of poor oppressed humanity. But I've got a little biz to 'tend to, an' kain't put it off. Come, Larry: git a small bundle of hickories; I've got to dust some jackets."

The prisoners began to beg, for they knew that the hickories meant forest justice; that Abe Stanchfield did not design to wait for the slow process of law to make his wrongs right. Larry was not slow to respond, and in a remarkably short space of time he was back with an armful of second growth hickory twigs, tough and elastic, and two or three of the prisoners howled in anticipation.

tough and elastic, and two or three of the prisoners howled in anticipation.

"I've got to lick the naygur, mind," announced Larry. "He wur goin' to lick me."

"Take him," answered Abe. "Forty lashes on the bare back, Scripture measure, pressed down, shaken together, an' runnin' over."

We will not dwell upon the scene. In a few minutes the lake rung with the yells of the tortured thieves, for neither Abe, Little Hand nor Larry laid on with a light hand. The only one not whipped was Dave Thompson.

vhipped was Dave Thompson. Ain't you goin' to give me any, Abe?" he

"No, sonny; I've got other fish to fry with you. You've got to hang, as I told you."
"Why not whip me an' let me run with the

others? "I don't think you'd run fur ef I hed the whippin' of ye," returned Abe, grimly. "Don't tempt me, Dave; you dunno how I hunger an'thirst to take the law into my own hands; an'the Injun's just as add."

Dave became suddenly silent, for there was

Dave became suddenly silent, for there was something in the contracted brow of the guide which did not look pleasant. The jackets and shirts were thrown loosely over the bleeding backs of the men who had been whipped, and they were sternly ordered to depart.

"An', see yer!" warned Abe. "Arter this, the fust time I see one of you anywhere near my camp, I put a hole through his blamed gizzard: you hear me!"

zard; you hear me!"

They slunk away, one by one, the negro casting a tiger look at the Irish lad, who only answered by a jolly roar of laughter. Then Dave Thompson was left alone in the midst of his enemies. zard; you hear me!"

mies.

'Now, gentlemen," declared Abe, "you ain't got nothin' to do with this yer. It's only Little Hand an' me, an' ef ye don't want to know anything 'bout what we ar' gwine ter do, don't look on. It's a-goin' ter be a square fight atween Dave an' me, with the Injun to look on. Bring

him along, Little Hand."

The Indian dragged Dave Thompson to his Gentlemen," he gasped, "they are going to

take me away to murder me."
"Nary time; that ain't the way we've got, you skunk. I tell you I'm goin' to give you as fair a shake as any man ever got in the world, knife to knife, an' ef you drop me the Injun won't lay a hand on you for twenty-four hours, but give you that much run. Eyther you kin do that, or I start fur Plattsburg this mornin'

coming. What d'ye say?"

"I'll fight!" hissed Dave, in an eager tone.
"Curse you, don't you know they'd tear me all to pieces in Plattsburg? I wouldn't have the

"let them go."

The two guides entered the boat with their prisoner, paddled across the lake, and passed into a dark ravine which led up into the mountains. After a toilsome march of half an hour they came to an elevated table-land, a place covering perhaps half an acre of land and on one side descending in a precipitous line to a depth of two hundred feet. Here Abe Stanchfield made a pause.

"Set down an' rest," he ordered. "I give you ten minutes. Handle yer rifle, Injun, an' af he tries to run bore him through an' hour longer."

—that is, when you are not intruding yourself."

—that is, when you are not intruding yourself."

Sydney felt as if a volcano were struggling for an eruption somewhere in her, so appalling was the tempest of mortified pain and bitter anger that shook her from head to foot.

"You know what you say is positively false, so far as I am concerned, aunt Helena. You wish me out of your house, and for want of a better excuse, you frame this cruel slander. You need not fear that the sight of me shall annoy you or my cousin Cora or Dr. Trevor an hour longer."

one side descending in a precident of two hundred feet. Here Abe Standelpth of two hundred feet and here with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had in her exquisite grace of figure, her lightness of carriage, and wondering, bitterly, why her one child, Cora, had so few of Nature's charms. The hundred feet and here with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had her with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had her with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had her with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had her with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had her with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a fortune the girl had her with cold, jealous eyes, thinking what a for

through."

The Indian nodded, and the click of his rifle-lock sounded on the clear air. Dave Thompson knew that if he tried to escape the Indian would not be likely to miss his aim. The ten minutes were up at last, and Abe threw a large bowie at the feet of the villain.

"I ain't goin' to waste much time talkin'," he said. "For Jim Fletcher's sake you or I hev got to die."

Dave caught up the knife with a savage grim. It was his favorite weapon and he did not think the man trod the woods who could equal him in its use. The Indian, with his rifle clutched in his strong hands, leaned eagerly forward as the two bitter enemies, their knives firmly grasped, stood glaring at each other. Then they began to move about the platform in eccentric circles, and the little, brief sigh of half regret was swallowed in the succeeding tide of her strong determination. two bitter enemies, their knives in my graspea, stood glaring at each other. Then they began to move about the platform in eccentric circles, each watching keenly for an opening, ready to dash in and deal a fatal blow. Dave Thompson made the first effort, but retreated with a snarl as the cool old hunter received him, and drove him back with a cut across the fore-

and drove nim back with a cut across the lote arm.

"Try again, Davy!" he called out. "There's more of the same sort in this shop."

Again the circling began, and, as before, Dave Thompson was the first to get tired of it and dash in. This time the point of Abe Stanchfield's knife barely grazed the jugular vein, and the ruffian felt a clammy sweat start out upon his body as he realized how close he had been to death. There was something so steady in the manner of the hunter as he stood ready. So icy in his composure that it struck a chill into the bones of the scoundrel.

bones of the scoundrel.

"He means to kill me," he thought. "He'll tire me out an' then—I won't wait!"

He hurled himself suddenly upon the hunter, and for five minutes there was one of the most desperate knife duels which the Indian had ever seen. The clash of the blades seemed incessant, seen. The clash of the blades seemed incessant, the sparks flew from the meeting steel, and Little Hand grew wildly excited, for it seemed to him that it might go against his friend. Both men had been wounded and their blood was flowing fast, and yet there was the same calm, confident smile upon the face of the guide, and the Indian felt more safe.

"Keep cool, Injun!" cried Abe. "You don't know the old man; he never takes water, you see."

"You are trying to tire me out," hissed Thompson. "We'll see about that."

And he attacked more fiercely than ever, and Abe met the rush coolly, putting aside the steel and making very little attempt to return it. Dave Thompson knew well that the iron frame of the guide could wear out his, and for this reason he forced the fighting.
"I wouldn't have your temper for anything in the world," observed Abe, grinning. "You ar' a vicious cuss, ain't ye? Tryin' to cut me, you ar'. Dunno what you mean by such conduc!."

duc'."

Thompson was breathing hard and his blood dropping from several slight wounds, and Abe seemed fresher than ever.

"I ain't gone fur ye yit, my son," he said. "I want to see ye dance fust; it does me good." And Abe's keen eyes, watching every movement of his adversary, saw that he was nearly done, and that this attack was like the last flurry of the whale.

of the whale.

"Look out fur me," he said, in a cheerful tone. "I'm a-cumin'."

The assailant became the assailed, and a cry of delight broke from the lips of the Indian as he saw the resistless nature of the attack. Vain was the interposition of the knife of Dave Thompson to ward off the blows which were showered upon him. The keen point menaced him here, there and everywhere. Three times in as many seconds had the steel drawn the blood of the rufflan, and only by leaping out of reach did he escape death.

The that it was a cruel thing that Death was denied her, when it seemed to her, heated and the tried to actual agony with her hard, unsympathetic labor, that of all things most desirable would be to just lie forever at rest under the would be to just lie forever a

reach did he escape death.

But Abe followed him closely, hand and foot obedient, his eyes ever on the alert to ward off nger, and at the same time to take an opporion of who would win, but what time it would ake for Abe Stanchfield to break down the last defense of Dave Thompson and lay him low. Foot by foot he pressed him back, Dave striving desperately to save himself, but the look of despair upon his face showed that he had given

ap hope.

All at once a cry which was half pity broke
from the lips of Abe Stanchfield, and he sprung
forward with outstretched hand as if to grasp his enemy. Dave Thompson bounded back, and with a low wail of agony fell over the precipice behind him, and went crashing down into the dark ravine, the depth of which the foot of man

dark ravine, the depth of which the foot of man had never yet sounded. Abe Stanchfield, with a pale face, turned to the Indian:

"I have revenged poor Jim Fletcher," he said, hoarsely. "But now it's done, I wish some other man had done the deed."

"Little Hand is happy," answered the Indian. "Jim Fletcher can sleep in peace."

And the two men slowly descended the mountain, gained their boat and crossed to the camp. (To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

A Mother's Humiliation.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

MRS. MERRIVALE sat languidly back among the gray and pink silk cushions of her Turkish chair, a frown on her forehead, and a cruel, conemptuous sneer on her handsome lips as she temptuous sneer on her handsome lips as she lifted her eyebrows and looked at Sydney An-derton as if there were contamination in the sight of the pale, fragile-looking girl whose proud, sweet face was uplifted with haughty de-

'I am entirely at a loss to understand why you are so vulgarly indignant, Sydney, simply because I tell you the time has come when I can no longer retain you as a member of my

can no longer retain you as a member of my family."

The clear, low tones were positive and chilling as ice-drops, and Sydney retorted hotly:

"Why don't you say instead of a member of your 'family'—'one of your corps of servants? I have earned my bread and salt by work, the knowledge of which would have broken my dear mother's heart had she known it. I have been used as a slave by you, my dead mother's sister, because I had no other home to go to. I have borne it in silence, and tried to be content under the circumstances. But now—now, when you send for me, as you do your cook, your kitchen-maid, and quietly tell me to leave your house, and that, too, for such a reason as you dare offer, such an insulting reason—you wonder that I am enraged almost beyond control."

Sydney spoke hotly, hurriedly, her sweet voice bitter with the sense of cruel injustice that was writhing in her, her pale, pure cheeks wear-

was writhing in her, her pale, pure cheeks wear-ing little vividly scarlet spots, her blue eyes shin-

ng like steel in the sunshine. Mrs. Merrivale twisted her rings annoyedly as she listened and answered, in those cold, con-temptuous tones of hers that stung the girl to

her very soul.
"Will you never learn moderation in your voice and manner and language, Sydney? There really is not the least necessity for me to

"So I thought. You see he is willin', gentlement; now don't lip in."

Arthur Chambers was an old hunter, and he knew that the 'gods of the valley were not the gods of the hills," and that wood law and civil law were two different things.

"It won't do to interfere, Harry," he said;" "let them go."

"So I thought. You see he is willin', gentlement in my family. Trevor, who had heard all her pitful wander all her sad story, and who knew all her sad story, and who had learned, from her unconscious lips, who had learned, from her unconscious lips, what had thrilled him to the very soul—that she lespecially Dr. Trevor, who, you very well later he told her—told her how he had loved him.

Later he told her—told her how he had loved her jutruling your—that is, when you are not intruding your—that is insulter's face. The weapon failed to ex--that is, when you are not intruding your-

her promise; and the little, brief sigh of half regret was swallowed in the succeeding tide of her cold, cruel determination.

"She is spoiling my daughter's chances—no one looks at Cora when Sydney is by, and Dr. Trevor shall not be infatuated if I can help it, and, if I have to set Sydney on the streets, I will help it!"

Then she went to her little safe and took out a five-dollar bill, ready to give to Sydney when she should come for it—five dollars in compensation for food, shelter, and—outrageous insult! her cold, cruel determination.

only—Sydney did not come for it, there, or ever, and when Mrs. Merrivale went down to the fashionable six o'clock dinner, to see handsome Dr. Trevor talking quite confidentially to Cora, as the two stood a little apart from the others, she decided she never had done a wiser thing than when she had sent Sydney Anderson

others, she decided she never had done a wiser thing than when she had sent Sydney Anderton out of her house.

While Sydney Anderton herself hardly knew whether she were more exultant, or terrified, or indignant, or heartsick, when she actually found herself away from aunt Helena's basement, feeling that in all the wide world there was not a roof under which she could demand a shelter, or a table at which she dared ask a bite.

As she looked at it in one way, she was exultantly brave, with the hope and courage a young soul feels who is determined to conquer Fate itself. Then, when she remembered Mrs. Merrivale's heartless insolence, her very blood

Merrivale's neartiess insoience, her very blood boiled with indignation.

And then—when she thought of somebody else, somebody whose splendid eyes had several times met her own and held them in a brief exquisite thrall, somebody who never had failed in kind, courteous words—somebody who would, in all probability, marry Cora Merrivale; then Sydney's heart suddenly collapsed into a faint misery.

misery.
"If I only had never, never known there was a Dr. Trevor! If I had only never recovered from that diphtheria last winter when he attended me!"

So that, altogether, it was a pitifully sadso that, altogether, it was a pitifully sad-faced little girl that went the rounds of the In-telligence offices that day, to find, almost at dark, "a situation" where she suited; or at least, where she would be taken on a week's

They were woful days that followed-days when Sydney toiled over washtub and kitchen cook-stove, when her heart and her hopes to-gether grew sick and faint, when it seemed to her that it was a cruel thing that Death was de-nied her, when it seemed to her, heated and tired to actual agony with her hard, unsympa-thetic labor, that of all things most desirable

ney's physical resources came to an end, and her mistress found her lying on the kitchen floor, in a faint so deep and lasting that the hastily-summoned doctor from somewhere in nastry-summoned doctor from somewhere in the vicinity said she must have great care and attention for a long while after the swoon should bring her back to consciousness again, because, in all probability, there was fever

So somebody went for a policeman, and then an ambulance drove up to the door, and dainty-souled little Sydney Anderton was carried to the hospital, where for weeks she raved and tossed and battled desperately, though uncon-sciously, for the young life she would not have lifted her finger to save, had she known.

lifted her finger to save, had she known.

Talked, and moaned, and told, in broken story, her pitiful experience. Talked of her aunt Helena, and of Cora Merrivale, and of Chauncey Trevor; begging, in her delirium, that he would tell aunt Helena she had not tried to come between him and Cora, and in the next breath praying Heaven to bless him, and keep her heart from breaking for love of him.

And while she lay there, on her clean, sweet cot—at the very hour, one cool September twilight, when she was tenderly murmuring Dr.

light, when she was tenderly murmuring Dr. Trevor's name, that gentleman was sitting in Mrs. Merrivale's drawing-room, saying some ning that made her heart throb with exultant delight—telling her he would like to engage her best suit of rooms, and that he intended refur-nishing them, and would she and Miss Cora use taste in making them handsome as pos

Of course it meant but one thing—he was intending to be married, and, without doubt, he wanted to have everything ready for his bride—for Cora, who sat listening, with a faint color

Mrs. Merrivale smiled archly at him as he aris. Alerivate similed archy at him as he arose to go—a round of urgent calls to make.

"Cora and I will be delighted to assist you, Dr. Trevor. I hope I am not intruding if I venture to ask you if we are to consider ourselves decorating a bridal suit?"

He smiled and looked at Cora.

"Well you may so consider it. Mrs. Marrie."

"Well, you may so consider it, Mrs. Merrivale. Later—in a few days, I hope, I will be able to speak to you and Miss Cora more definitely on the subject. Until then—"

He looked so handsome, so thoroughly gentle-manly, that it was little wonder Cora's heart was throbbing tumultuously, or that, after he had gone, and she had watched his carriage out of sight, she went back to her mother and sat down in blushing delight.

down in blushing delight.

"I never was so happy in my life, mamma!
Isn't he delicate in the way he both avoids and refers to it? Oh, mamma, how grand it will be to be his wife—'Mrs. Dr. Trevor!' Mrs. Merrivale caressed her daughter affec-

Mrs. Merrivale caressed her daughter affectionately, proudly.

"If I never rejoiced before, I do now, that I sent Sydney Anderton out of the house. If she had stayed—Cora, I tremble to think of it!"

Cora's cheeks flushed warmly.

Later he told her—told her how he had loved her in the early days at her aunt Helen's, how he had been horrified and discouraged to learn she had gone, no one knew where—how, by merest accident, she had been brought to the fever ward of which he had periodical charge, and how, so soon as she was willing and able, he wanted her to come to him as his darling wife—come to the little home he had prepared for her—the home her aunt and cousin had little drawned they were adorning for her.

to the dreamed they were adorning for her.

"I think they merit the humiliation it will be to them, sweet," he said, another time; "they have used you most cruelly, but they never can again. Only, if you would rather not go

And as Sydney, in all her new ecstasy of hap-And as Sydney, in all her new ecstasy of happiness, would have gone into the charge of Balaklava with her lover, she offered no objection, and, although her heart throbbed a little as she walked into Mrs. Merrivale's drawing-room, a fortnight later, she was conscious that she had done nothing she had need to regret—only—her tender womanly nature was roused to pity when her quick eyes read what Dr. Trevor's did not—the horrible surprise and chagrin and bitter disappointment on her aunt Helen's face as her husband presented her.

But—Dr. Trevor was the best paying boarder in the house, and Mrs. Merrivale was obliged to submit, and Mrs. Trevor so utterly ignored the past that no uncomfortableness ever occurred. While Cora, for her own credit's sake, never that he acsaesing reported that they had the turned his back to living foe, and he was that he turned his back to living foe, and he was that he turned his back to living foe, and he was too old to begin now.

Thus was lost the last chance by which the brave, stubborn old man might have been saved. That one half-hour wasted in futile persusion would have carried them beyond all risk of being overtaken.

As it was, when pain and the loss of blood had so exhausted Fallen Tree that he could only submit to the will of his friends, they hastily arranged a rude horse litter and set out for the fort.

During this time the conspirators had not been idle. The long meditated work was fairly begun, and they resolved to carry it through to the end.

While Cora, for her own credit's sake, never lared to intimate the construction she had put

upon Dr. Trevor's words.

And sweet little Sydney and Dr. Trevor were the happiest of created beings—married

EULALIA.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

In the light breathing of the breeze,
That stirs the quivering aspen-tree—
In the low murmur of the seas,
And in the wind's soft minstrelsy,
When waves the tall grass on the lea—
Thy name I hear and think of thee!

Fallen Tree, the Cherokee.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

HALF a century ago there were few names more widely known or more popular among the Cherokees than that of Teondeatha, or the Fallen Tree. Made a war-chief in his early manhood by those whom he had so often led to victory, he never failed them in the hour of need. His name was a terror to their enemies, a glory to their own tribe. He did not spare his blood or flesh. One by one his children fell in battle

or flesh. One by one his children fell in battle at his side, until he was left alone, battered and war-worn, the last of his race.

Then came the treaty with the whites, and, worn out, his heart weary with constant bloodshed and bowed down with grief for his lost ones, the Fallen Tree was one of the first who had signed his totem to the paper which gave the hunting-grounds of the Cherokees to the pale-faces forever.

From that moment his power and influence

From that moment his power and influence declined. His strong right arm was no longer needed, for the days of fighting were all past; he had outlived his days of usefulness. More than once was this fact brought to his notice, not openly, for there were few braves among them all who would dare to stand before the grim old war-chief when the olden fire came

grim old war-chief when the olden fire came into his deep-sunken eyes, but by covert hints and innuendoes that, while stinging bitterly, afforded no handle for open rebuke.

Too proud to complain, too sensitive to ignore the roundabout insults, the fallen war-chief took to strong drink. For weeks and months at a time he was never wholly free from the influence of liquor. His erect form grew bowed, his iron muscles began to shrink and wither, his limbs to tremble and give way beneath his weight as he walked. His temper grew more irritable and less under control. His few friends fell away from him. His enemies rejoiced and

fell away from him. His enemies rejoiced and grew bolder and more outspoken.

But the lion was not dead, only sleeping. The time of awaking came at last. The Cherokee nation had gathered beside the Hiwassee river, for their annual game of ball. Among the others came Fallen Tree, but only

as a spectator, where, not many years since, he had been the leading spirit, the idol and cyno-Silent and reserved, though his brain was ened, and advised to stay away lest trouble came of his presence; but the warning was in vain. Life was not so dear that he cared to

ruard it by cowardice. The game of ball was begun and finished, after a long, hot and closely-contested fight. The captain of the losing side, a iddle-aged warrior, whose youthful ambition had been to successfully rival the war-chief, was one of Fallen Tree's most bitter and outspoken enemies. Now,

ngered by defeat, he espied his old rival, and lindly rushed upon his fate. With one insulting stare, he scanned the withered figure from crown to sole; then, seeing that all eyes were turned curiously upon them, he raised his voice and accused Fallen Tree of betraying his people by signing away their land for nothing.

for nothing.

Never a word spoke the disgraced war-chief, but looked steadily into the eyes of his enemy, his thin lip curling with cold contempt. Rendered almost frantic, Three Fingers repeated his accusation, and coupled it with threats and with the coupled it with the accusation. pprobrious epithets. A red light deepened in he old chief's eyes, and for the first time he

"Go away while you can. You have said enough. One word more and I will kill you."
With a hoarse yell of fury, Three Fingers drew his tomahawk and sprung forward. Quick as thought the chief interposed his 1.ft arm, into which the keen weapon sunk to the bone; then, before his green could recover himself he which the keen weapon sunk to the bone; then, before his enemy could recover himself, he thrust a pistol against his forehead and fired. His skull shattered like an egg-shell, Three Fingers was hurled backward by the explosion, dead ere his body touched the ground.

Shrill and defiant rung out the war-cry of the aged war-chief, as, pistol in hand and ready for use, he faced a thousand of his tribe, undaunted by the odds. Nine-tenths of those present were his bitter enemies, while not one of them all

bitter enemies, while not one of them all his officer enemies, while not one of them an loved or honored him enough to dare his life in his defense; but not an answering whoop came from the crowd. They, one and all, seemed stupefied by the unexpected tragedy, and unable or unwilling to act decisively.

For full five minutes Fallen Tree confronted the most then with a low contemptation length.

the mass, then, with a low, contemptuous laugh, turned upon his heel and strode away, never

once casting a backward glance.

But the end was not yet. Blood had been shed, and it called loudly for vengeance. The blow was dealt that same night, at Hiwassee

A half-blood named Craven, who was present,

A half-blood named Craven, who was present, dashed out the one light. Several shots were fired, and the greatest confusion reigned.

When a fresh light was kindled, the two men were gone, while Fallen Tree lay upon his face, in a pool of his own blood. A bullet had passed through his face, shattering both jaws.

A white trader, whose name has been forgotten, risking the displeasure of the conspirators, raised up the wounded chief and cared for him as best he could.

He begged the old chief to mount his horse and flee to the garrison, where the soldiers would protect him against his enemies, but the undaunted warrior flatly refused. Never yet had he turned his back to living foe, and he was too old to begin now.

fort.

During this time the conspirators had not been idle. The long meditated work was fairly begun, and they resolved to carry it through to the end.

The work the assessing reported that they had

Though the assassins reported that they had left Fallen Tree dead, a large force armed and started for the spot, to make sure that there was no mistake in the report. They reached the spot only a few minutes after the wounded chief had departed, and from the signs scattered around, they had little difficulty in divining the truth

the truth.

Knowing that all depended upon overtaking their victim before he could reach the garrison, they did not spare horseflesh, riding and yelling like veritable demons.

This hideous tumult had its desired effect. Those who were escorting the wounded chief, though wishing him well, were not such devoted friends as to give their own lives in his defense. Knowing that they must infallibly be overtaken long before they could gain the garrison, at the slow pace they were forced to maintain on account of the suffering chief, hastily consulted together, and, as their only chance, resolved to thide the chief in the house of a schoolmaster of the Cherokees, hard by.

the Cherokees, hard by.
This they did, leaving Fallen Tree in the little loft, then scattered and rode away in hot haste,

loft, then scattered and rode away in hot haste, to save their own lives.

The conspirators were hard upon their heels, and hearing the fugitives riding away at such an accelerated pace divined the truth, and rushed into the building.

Fallen Tree was lying upon the floor, his face and arm terribly lacerated. Block and Craven leveled their pistols at him, but each missed fire. The dying lion sprung upon Block and would have slain him, but Craven shot him through the hips and brought him to the floor. Block attempted to tomahawk him, but Fallen Tree wrested the weapon from him and buried it in his brain. At the same instant a second shot pierced his brain and the foul deed was done.

Thus died the greatest war-chief the Cherokees ever had.

ever had.

Ripples. A RECKLESS scamp, supposed to hail from St. Louis, asks: "Why is Walt Whitman's poetry like the girls of Chicago?" Answer—Because it has so much "feet."

"AND what did you think of Switzerland?" asked a lady of a young American belle who had just made the tour. "Pretty place, but it struck me there were too many lakes and too few young men."

How much sweeter life will become when the newspapers say "fishermen" or "anglers" instead of "disciples of Izaak Walton," and "dancers" instead of "votaries of Terpsichore!" But that will never happen, never. A LITTLE girl was reproved for playing out-doors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied:

Why, the bigger we grow the better we like The Lockport Union, calling attention to the fact that Bryant made \$500,000 out of poem writing, urges young men to learn to poem, at the same time insinuating that their contribu-

other office. First class in mythology stand up. "Who was the god of shepherds?" "Don't know, thir!" "What does your mother bake her beans in?" "A pan, thir." "A panther? Heaven forbid! Why, that's catamount to leaving the beans in the pod."

The play which Mr. Boucicault's eight-year-old son has been concocting is said to have a very original catastrophe. It is the foundering of a ship pierced full of holes by a sword-fish hired to perform this deed by a friend of the family who was not invited to tea. "Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is what you "SOUND, said the schoolmaster," is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes you can," said a smart boy. "John Wilson," retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?"

A sound thrashing," quickly replied the smart following from a patient writing for advice:
"My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths inches through the jaw. Sum humoky on the edge. Shaped like a horseshew, toe forrard. If you want me to be more partikler I shall have

'MR. BRESIDENT," said a Buffalo alderman

"I makes der motion as der new jall be build on der same spot as der old jail what's now standing; dat saves der money for der land; an' I makes der motion as der old jail shall not be pull down till der new jail is built, so ve vill not be widout der jail." PASTE this in your hats, boys, for reference in the beginning of the twentieth century: The Religio-Philosophical Journal states that James Nolan, from the spirit world, prophesies that "in the year of our Lord, 1901, there will be a lens constructed by a person named Hollingsworth, who is yet a boy, by whose power the trees and inhabitants on the planet nearest the earth can be seen."

earth can be seen." THOSE who have passed through a similar ex-Those who have passed through a similar experience will appreciate the following: "My husband," said a married lady confidentially, talking to a loving, gushing bride of some two months' standing, "used to be fond of me as your husband is of you. I remember the first year he was married he used to call me My Darling all the time, and the second year he only addressed me as Mrs. Blank, while the third year he didn't call me anything but Old Sorrel Ton."

sent Sydney Anderton out of the house. If she had stayed—Cora, I tremble to think of it!"

Cora's cheeks flushed warmly.

"Such a mean, haughty thing as she was! Mamma, I just hated her—and won't she be jealous when she hears of my marriage! Let's talk about my trousseau, and the furniture for—my room, mamma! Don'tit sound deliciously strange?"

A renegade white, an old man named Block, began to revile the chief, much in the same style adopted by Three Fingers, earlier in the day. For a time Fallen Tree paid no attention that the proper animal was indicated. "This—" the the proper animal was indicated. "This—" that the proper animal was indicated. "This—" the livery-man said he didn't mind the loss of the money (as the young man did not take out the fancy rig he was going to look at), for he could more than make that up on the mule to be sure that the trouble was only as they passed the stall where the sleeping animal was leaning up against the partition, dreaming of an Eden wherein there was but one mule and a thousan